



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1836

JULY 13, 1907

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE scandalous misapplications of the Pension Fund in England as far as men of letters are concerned have long been notorious. But it is seldom that a more startling example has been provided than that which heads the most recent list of pensions presented to Parliament. We refer to the name of Sir Francis Burnand. No one grudges Sir Francis his success as a popular journalist, and one is glad to think that his work in that field has brought him in a large income for many years. Moreover, as a writer of the humbler order of farce for the stage he has been able to make a handsome addition to his profits in that capacity for the best part of a half-century. But his services to letters have been absolutely *nil*. He has indeed never attempted any work in that field, but has (very wisely) confined himself in the main to the better-paid work of adapting French farces for the English stage, the furnishing of punning paragraphs for *Punch*, and to persistent praise of worthless books, coupled with consistent depreciation of good and sincere literary work in the same paper, which during his editorship became a recognised organ of Philistia, and, with a few brilliant exceptions, the safe refuge of dulness, mediocrity and sheer silliness. It is outrageous that work of this kind should be rewarded by a substantial grant of public money out of the scanty fund that is yearly set aside for the pensioning of men of letters who have been honourably engaged in branches of their profession which are otherwise too ill-paid to furnish a living wage.

At the Vedrenne-Barker dinner the other night Lord Lytton declared that the time was ripe for the endowment of an Art theatre in England and the cheers with which the statement was received showed how keenly his audience agreed with that view. He also declared that it would be a scandal if Mr. Granville Barker were forced to transfer his work to America because he could not obtain proper pecuniary support for it in England. If Lord Lytton has any influence with the present Government he might perhaps point out to them that a civil list pension of two hundred pounds could be more suitably used in assisting the growth of a more artistic drama in England than in rewarding writers or adapters of vulgar little French farces. In its administration of the Pension Fund Westminster seems determined to emulate West Ham, but we are resolved that so ignoble a misuse of money intended for the service of literature shall not go unrebuked in the columns of the ACADEMY. We are amazed that the grant should have been offered. We are still more amazed that it should have been accepted,

It is announced that through the generosity of the Governors of Pusey House at Oxford, a similar institution will shortly be opened in West London under the appropriate title of Liddon House. As is well known to Oxford men, members of the Church of England and others, the object of these institutions is primarily a spiritual one within the Church, namely, to provide small bodies of clergy "able to devote their whole time to men, especially of the educated classes, who feel their need of help on religious questions." Many men, however, outside the Church of England have also experienced the kindness of the clergy of Pusey House in giving information on questions of theological and ecclesiological interest. Lectures also on such subjects have occasionally been delivered of much value to students generally. The foundation of Liddon House will therefore be welcome to many whom it is not primarily designed to benefit.

A Memorial to Whistler will be erected at the end of the gardens near Chelsea Old Church. It will consist of a symbolical figure by Monsieur Rodin. The estimated cost will be about two thousand pounds, of which about one thousand six hundred has already been subscribed. At a meeting held on Tuesday at the house of Mr. Horniman, M.P., among other speakers Mr. Edmund Gosse delivered an interesting address claiming that we ought to raise a monument to Whistler because he added a sense of beauty to the world. Mr. Gosse also explained the Artistic Temperament. He well described Whistler's own temperament as "fragile and enduring, sensitive and not sentimental." "Whistler had a furious instinct for the embellishments of life. His senses were irritable because of the extreme delicacy of their balance."

The case which Whistler's executrix, Miss Phillip, has brought against Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell is still reserved for judgment by Mr. Justice Kekewich. His decision will be important to biographers, since the main question which the case involves is the right to publish, without the express authority of the writer or his representatives, *information contained* in letters which cannot themselves be published without such authority. The question of the extent of the authority given by Whistler to Mr. and Mrs. Pennell to write a biography of him is a question which will interest greatly only Whistler's extreme devotees. The application which Miss Phillip made for an injunction to restrain Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's publisher, Mr. Heinemann, was dismissed, with costs.

We have no wish to discuss a case still *sub judice*, but did Mr. Ogden Lawrence, K.C., in opening the case of the Carthusians before Mr. Justice Joyce really say "that a man named St. Bruno . . . went with six companions to Grenoble and started *what eventually turned out to be the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse*"? What else did he expect it to be even in an age of miracles? The idea of it becoming something else can hardly have occurred to the saint. Should we say now that "His Majesty King Edward laid the foundation-stone in Holborn of what eventually turned out to be a new wing of the British Museum"? It must be admitted in fairness that the Colonial Institute "eventually turned out" to be the London University.

Apropos of laying foundation-stones, the age of miracles is not past. At a Wesleyan function of the kind in Dorsetshire the other day the worthy minister and his flock were attacked fiercely by some Anglican-minded bees. They were obliged to seek refuge under cover from the infuriated insects. That would have been regarded as a great portent in classic or mediæval times. How can we expect toleration from established clergy when the very bees become bigoted? The custom among bee-farmers of importing Italian queens into our English hives must be regretted, and has its parallel in the

encouragement of the "Italian mission in England" among our clergy. The late laureate warned us against "the poisoned honey stolen from France." Now it is openly imported under our wretched Free Trade system! The Leeds aunt for whom (students of literature will remember) Maria made a purse of beads would have hardly held up the work of *foreign* insects as an example to her niece, for instilling the virtue of humility, in an age when British manufactures were truly esteemed. The purification of our bee-hives should engage the attention of politicians and the *Lancet*. Our honey used to come from Helicon and Mount Hybla, but now, thank heaven, we can make our own.

The complimentary dinner to Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker at the Criterion last Sunday was brought to an abrupt conclusion. The guests were eagerly anticipating from some of the speakers' caustic objections to the censorship and the methods of Mr. Redford in the exercise of his office, when the police arrived and cleared the premises. It was *Sunday* night; the committee had omitted to apply for a suspension of the Sabbatarian closing rule, and four hundred intellectuals were hurled into the street. And yet we get virtuous about Russian tyranny and the amenities of life under Muscovite rule.

The irritation of such an incident was however relieved by the humour of the particular occasion. There were all the advanced dramatists and actors and their more advanced admirers anticipating a golden age and a free drama suddenly reminded that they are living in the largest uncivilised capital of the most uncivilised empire the world has ever seen—an empire which progresses backwards on intellectual planes, if not politically. Mr. Redford, the policeman of drama, is only one of that admirable force which protects our houses from burglars, regulates the traffic, closes the restaurants, and seldom fails to find a criminal if one is wanted to suit any particular crime attracting too much attention.

The disappointment at not hearing Sir Oliver Lodge was very keen. With one exception he was the most distinguished man present, and his speech would have excited enormous interest. However, the privilege of hearing Lord Lytton (the chairman), Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Tree, and Mr. Shaw on a single evening made the rather dismal function of a public dinner sufficiently brilliant: but they all had too much to say; or rather the convention of an after-dinner speech does not permit guests to assimilate such large helpings.

Mr. Shaw is of course an orator, and you can listen to him in the same way as you listen to Niagara. Everything he said was significant, but especially poignant were his observations on dramatic criticism. This craft seems to attract the shabby minded. Mr. Barker need hardly have thanked a press which generally speaking has depreciated and misrepresented nearly all the Court productions—with what little result his success happily proves. Mr. Tree too could have told the company of plays persistently "written down" but enjoying long runs and successful revivals. Abolishing long runs has drawn the last false tooth from the deciduous jaws of the venal journalist corrupted by an empty market where no one will bid for his favours even with chicken or champagne.

It is a great pity that full and correct reports of after-dinner speeches, when they are amusing and interesting, do not appear in the daily papers. The *précis* is always inadequate and often grossly inaccurate. It is the custom now merely to report the utterances of the chairman, generally the least important of the evening, and that of the speaker whose name conveys something to Fleet

Street. One goes to a public dinner to hear the speeches; not to eat a dubious dinner. There is need for reform in this direction. A plain club dinner of very few courses would mitigate the gloom produced even by poor or dull speakers. Some one ought to invent another method of celebrating causes and occasions. Art and literature ought certainly to divorce themselves from the culinary infelicities and the gastronomic infidelities of a public banquet.

Last week at Christie's the most interesting pictures were Hoppner's portrait of Cardinal Manning's mother and sister, which fetched four thousand guineas, and the beautiful Vigée Le Brun, belonging to Mrs. Finch, secured for two thousand four hundred guineas by Mr. Asher Wertheimer. It was not at all dear as prices go now: it is one of the artist's most beautiful works. The *Master Bunbury* was a sentimental and unattractive example of Reynolds, and will no doubt dazzle the American home for which it is destined.

A bust to the late Mr. William Ernest Henley was unveiled in the crypt of St. Paul's on Thursday. This will be a source of great gratification to the friends and admirers of a very remarkable poet and a more remarkable personality. Mr. Henley exercised a wide though not perhaps a very lasting influence. To the friends of Stevenson his, of course, cannot be a very amiable memory, but no one who knew Mr. Henley can have failed to recognise the force of his unusual talent, and few could resist the fascination of his conversation. He struck quite a new note in modern literature. This bust by Rodin reminds us of his early championship of French art, and his receptivity to new ideas. Lord Plymouth delivered a graceful speech, and Mr. George Wyndham, that master of appropriate eulogy, spoke of the personal qualities which endeared Mr. Henley even to his enemies; while Mr. Harry Cust dwelt on the happy coincidence of the monument being adjacent to those of Nelson and Wellington—two heroes with whom the poet was in particular sympathy.

We sincerely congratulate Mr. W. S. Gilbert on the tardy compliment paid him in his knighthood. Since he accepts the "honour" we hope that congratulations will also be acceptable. To us the "honour" seems barely an adequate recognition of his inimitable humour and his mastery of English rhythm. He established his reputation once and for all, by "The Bab Ballads." His operas never fall below that level, but they do not generally surpass it, except in the greater elaboration of some of the famous lyrics. Sullivan's music gained greater publicity for Mr. Gilbert's verse, but it in no way enhanced it. Pleasing as the music often is, the verses take entirely on their own merit the high place which they hold.

There is a legend that so severe a critic as Mr. Swinburne was able to cite, many years ago, but two lapses from perfect rhythm in the whole of the Bab Ballads. We have often speculated what they were. Would that Mr. Gilbert could be persuaded to republish them in their entirety. Such lines as these are almost lost except to memory, from which we quote:

And though the learning of her friends
Was truly not immense
They had a way of reaching ends
By rules of common sense.
A fallacy in your reply
Our intellect describes
Although we don't pretend to spy
Exactly where it lies.

We do not quote these lines as characteristic of the excellency of Mr. Gilbert's verse, but for their humour. They represent, as will be remembered, the mental attitude of respectable society among ogres—and others.

TO OLIVE

A RAINBOW SONNET

My thoughts like bees explore all sweetest things
 To fill for you the honeycomb of praise,
 Linger in pinks and honey-suckle sprays,
 And daffodils that stand in golden rings.
 In the blue air they moan on muted strings,
 And the blue sky of my soul's summer days
 Shines with your light, and through pale violet ways,
 Birds bear your name in beatings of their wings.

I saw you all bedecked in bows of rain,
 New showers of rain against new-risen suns,
 New tears against new light of shining joy.
 My youth, equipped to go, turns back again,
 Throws down its heavy pack of years and runs
 Back to the golden house a golden boy.

A. D.

A VILLANELLE

THROUGH the little old room,
 With the musk in its air,
 With its ghosts and its gloom,

Where the light at its loom
 Weaves the dust unaware
 Through the little old room,

And the shrivelled buds bloom
 On the sill, if you care,
 With its ghosts and its gloom;

Comes the stir and the boom
 Of the busy grey square,
 Through the little old room,

Like a sound that the womb
 Of the still is to bear
 With its ghosts and its gloom:

And I wait—Well, for whom?
 Will she come to me there
 Through the little old room
 With its ghosts and its gloom?

A.

LITERATURE

A NEW BOOK OF GENESIS

Traditions and Beliefs of Ancient Israel. By T. K. CHEYNE.
 (Black, 15s. net.)

WHAT do we know about ancient Israel? The answer will doubtless be forthcoming at once: What we are told about it in the earlier books of the Old Testament. But if we are to listen to the commentators and critics it is very difficult to discover what this is. The words of the text have been buried under a pyramid of learned and not always illuminating commentary, while the conclusions and positive assertions of one critic are apt to be flatly denied by another. Narratives which the Higher Criticism tears asunder or slices into minute fragments of various dates are declared by the traditionalist to present all the marks of an indissoluble whole.

But the Higher Criticism and the traditionalist have hitherto been agreed upon one point. So far as the Pentateuch is concerned the present Hebrew text is for all practical purposes original and trustworthy. Here and there the ancient versions may cast doubt upon some particular word or suggest an improved reading: there may even be whole passages which the Higher Critic would expunge on behalf of a favourite theory, but the text as a whole has been left unchanged. The variations of the Septuagint and Samaritan versions from the Massoretic are slight and unimportant.

Canon Cheyne now comes forward boldly to challenge this comfortable assumption of criticism and apologetics. His new and bulky book is substantially a revolutionary commentary on Genesis, and embodies the labour and study of many years. For him the Massoretic text, so far from being original and trustworthy, is a late and corrupted one. It is admitted on all hands that the text of many of the Old Testament books, that of the Psalms for instance, is corrupt; why should not the same admission be allowed in the case of the Pentateuch? We have recently learnt, thanks to the Egyptian discoveries, that behind the accepted Alexandrine text of the Homeric Poems there lies an older and very different one; why should it not be the same with the books of Moses? Critics and traditionalists alike have hitherto tacitly acquiesced in the Rabbinical doctrine of the divine faultlessness of the actual words of the Pentateuch as they have been handed down to us, and their conclusions have been based on that assumption. But Canon Cheyne tells us the assumption is as baseless as the conclusions.

In this he is unquestionably right. The present Pentateuchal text is like the Alexandrine text of the Homeric Poems and represents only the text of its post-exilic editors. Can we re-discover the pre-exilic text which lies behind it? Canon Cheyne thinks we can, and his book is an attempt to restore it.

Here we are afraid that he will find no followers. His restorations are purely subjective, and are not likely to satisfy any one except their author. If we are to restore the earlier text of the older Old Testament books it can only be by means of external evidence. We must look for help to archæology and the Assyriologists and see what they can effect for us. Canon Cheyne will doubtless say that he has already done so, and that the starting-point of his textual emendations is the theory of a decipherer of the Assyrian inscriptions. It is quite true that in the days when Semitic scholars looked askance at the young and revolutionary science, he was one of the few who welcomed the discoveries of Assyriology, and that the references in the footnotes of the volume under review show that he still takes an interest in the progress of oriental archæology. But his references to the Assyriologists are generally for the purpose of disagreeing with them or of indicating their disagreement with his own results, and the theory which forms the basis of his reconstruction of the Pentateuchal text was that of the

rashest of Assyrian decipherers which, with hardly an exception, has not been accepted by his brother Assyriologists.

In many instances, moreover, the passages in which Canon Cheyne discovers textual corruption are by no means those in which another scholar would do so. Probably it is not always those which seem the easiest of interpretation that best represent the original, but it is impossible on merely subjective grounds to find out whether such is the case or not. We must have something more tangible to go upon than a theory which would transport the Mizraim of the Hebrews to northern Arabia and transform the geographical names of Genesis into those of Arabian tribes.

Canon Cheyne, however, is a good Hebraist and a hard-working scholar, and the outcry that has been raised against him by those of his own school is most unfair. His method is the same as theirs, only it has been carried out with greater logical consistency, which serves to expose its shortcomings and enables even "the man in the street" to see the absolute want of tangible external facts upon which it rests. It may be feared that the outcry is largely due to this demonstration of the failure of subjective criticism to satisfy the requirements of ordinary common sense. To many of us it seems the *reductio ad absurdum* of the usual critical methods and to contain within itself its own condemnation. For if the text of the Pentateuch is really so untrustworthy as Canon Cheyne believes it to be, it is clearly impossible to found any historical conclusions upon it, critical or otherwise. If his new volume achieves no other result, it will at all events destroy for ever the comfortable assurance that in the existing Pentateuchal text we have a safe foundation upon which to build.

A. R. SAYCE,

A POET

A Hermit of Carmel and other Poems. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. (Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

What fate has cast me on a tide of time
Careless of joy and covetous of gold,
What force compelled to weave the pensive rhyme
When loves are mean, and faith and honour old,

When riches crown in vain men's sordid lives,
And learning chokes a mind of base degree?
What winged spirit rises from their hives?
What heart, revolting, ventures to be free?

THESE lines obviously express what was really thought and felt; they are accomplished, nay, almost elegant; but they are not active, they do not take hold on us, they leave us to recognise their merit, exerting no compulsion. This music has aforesaid conveyed to our ears a more urgent passion.

What mood wears like complexion to thy woe?

There is no need to answer; for it is true of the wise as of the simple,

Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray.

Yes, with Arnold and with Gray these stanzas claim to be considered, nay deserve to be.

Mr. Santayana has published several volumes of verse, above all one of most interesting sonnets, but as compared to prose, in which he at present among English writers is unrivalled master, his poetry has seemed fine indeed, but scholarly rather than divine. Though he has perhaps more than any other living poet the culture necessary for great poetry, really adequate to our times, and clearly sees the central need of to-day—even feels this deeply and nobly—yet his verse, however harmonious and smooth, has never shown the daring of success. The divine fire must always be snatched from heaven; Gray dared to seem as extravagant as Pindar to Johnson. However in this volume there are poems

which occasionally make the reader feel that the failure which veils their success is becoming transparent, and that what seemed a modern copy of an antique marble is about to prove itself the original. The conception of one poem "Resurrection," is most felicitous—a dialogue between an awakened soul and the angel who has broken that long sleep of death:

THE SOUL.

My heaven lives, bright angel, in thine eyes.
As when, beside the Lake of Galilee,
John, o'er his meshes bent,
Looked up, and saw another firmament
When God said, Follow me;
So is my world transfigured, seeing thee,
And, looking in thine eyes, I am content,
And with thy sweet voice for all argument
I leave my tangled nets beside the sea.
Done is my feigned task,
Fallen the mask
That made me other, O my soul, than thee.
I have fulfilled my pain
And borne my cross
And my great gain
Is to have known my loss.
Keep, blessed vision, keep
The sacred beauty that entranced my soul
I have read; seal the scroll,
I have lived; let me sleep.

That is not sufficiently sensuous, but it is simple, and for a man of to-day wonderfully passionate when the theme is considered. And this suffices to give it an accent rhythm and unity of its own.

His heart is strong who knows
That o'er the mountains come the silent feet
Of Patience, leading Peace,
And his complainings cease
To see the starlight shining on the snows.

With these lines this noble neighbour to a high success is brought to a close. They will inevitably remind many of Goethe's

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Again and again one hears the strong and profound chord of sentiment struck in this superb German stanza echoing behind Mr. Santayana's poetry; most notably of all, perhaps, in the magnificent sonnet entitled "Mont Brévent."

"King's College Chapel" is a fine elegy, to which a certain tender irony gives all but the full character of success. Its regret is for that beautiful old Catholic worship for which the chapel was intended, but which is no longer remembered in it, any more than are the saints to which it was originally dedicated.

Long rows of tapers light the people's places;
Only the altar—like the soul—is dark

And from this altar, now an empty tomb,
The Lord is risen. Lo! he is not here.
No shining angel sitteth in the gloom,
No Magdalen in anguish draweth near.

All pure in heart, or all in aspect pure,
The seemly christians, kneeling, line the choir,

They also will go forth, these gentle youths,
Strong in the virtues of their manful isle,
Till one the pathway of the forests smooths,
And one the Ganges rules, and one the Nile;

And to whatever wilderness they choose
Their hearts will bear the sanctities of home,
The perfect ardours of the Grecian Muse,
The mighty labour of the arms of Rome;

But, ah! how little of these storied walls
Beneath whose shadow all their nurture was!
No, not one passing memory recalls
The Blessed Mary and Saint Nicholas,

Unhappy King, look not upon these towers,
Remember not thine only work that grew.
The moving world that feeds thy gift devours,
And the same hand that finished overthrew.

After reading the living irony and tenderness of these stanzas, no one should be surprised to learn that the last quarter of the volume is in a humorous vein. The Harvard professor's "convivial and occasional" pieces are not without merit if they too come short of success. Lovers of poetry will certainly not be surprised to learn that the volume contains three translations from Michael Angelo, among the very best known to us, but they will, we think, be so to hear that these are followed by translations from Gautier and de Musset, and still more when they find that this last "Souvenir" is probably the most precious addition Mr. Santayana has made to English poetry. This wonderful translation is too long to quote at the length it deserves.

My heart, still full of her, searched, searched her face
And could not find her there.
Mon cœur, encor plein d'elle, errait sur son visage,
Et ne la trouvait plus.

English ears cannot fail to prefer the English version: what is inevitably lost in it is more than made up for by an increase in dignity.

Eh bien! qu'importe encore? O nature! ô ma mère!
En ai-je moins aimé?
But what of that? Immortal nature, say,
Have I loved therefore less?

The title poem "A Hermit of Carmel" is in dramatic form and blank verse. Simple, almost childishly so at moments, it demands that we put ourselves aside in order to enter into its deep thoughts and chastened sentiments. The picture presents variously failing and succeeding human lives rendered alike beautiful by the seal of the Cross. All and more than the "battle" arguments of Ferdinand Brunetière are evidently present to the mind of this bearer of a Spanish name, who well knows how to make English prose rival French, and who, if with less passion, with riper wisdom and real charm of rhythm, points to the Cross as the symbol of the best life, prizing the advantage which makes it unique above the disadvantages which keep it "Roman."

RALPH HEATHCOTE

Ralph Heathcote. Letters of a young Diplomatist and Soldier during the time of Napoleon. Edited by the Countess Gröben. (Lane, 12s. 6d. net.)

WHEN she was a very little girl, the Countess Gröben remembers to have seen a stately old man, her grandfather. She remembers an old gentleman who fed her with sugar-plums on his knee, and an old lady who cried out "Don't, don't, you will make little Loo sick," she remembers an old gentleman on horseback who waved his hand to her and to whom she was told to curtsy. That is all. Years afterwards, when she had children of her own, she was looking through a drawer full of old papers, and behind some business deeds and parchments she found a packet of letters on which was written "Letters written by myself at different periods of my life to my beloved mother; found at her demise, November 2, 1830." The book contains these letters, with a few comments of explanation to make them fully intelligible.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte
Doch bleibt sie immer neu.

Who has not thus found letters that bring the dead to life? The memory of an old man on the threshold of death preserved by a little girl then on the threshold of life . . . it is a commonplace and yet eternally poignant as the fact of life itself. It is common as the dusk of evening or the dusk of morning and as memorable.

These letters are of exceptional interest. They are intimate letters written by an only son to his mother at the time when Napoleon was putting Europe in confusion. Ralph Heathcote was a young man of intelligence, and owing to the fact that he was an Englishman who had been born and bred in Germany, his point of view is fresh and enlightening.

The letters begin practically with his first journey to England. He had left Cassel with Brook Taylor who had moved into sudden prominence by his defiance of Napoleon. He arrived in London in the spring of 1806, having had a "most fortunate journey of forty-eight hours fine weather and no hard gales." The first incident which he relates, is his visit to the House of Lords to witness Lord Melville's trial. Lord Melville it will be remembered, had been accused in the previous year of favouring unduly his Scotch countrymen, and was eventually charged with the misapplication of public funds. This is Ralph Heathcote's comment upon the affair:

Yesterday I went to Lord Melville's trial no doubt the most interesting sight possible. Both Houses of Parliament, the Prince of Wales, all the Royal Dukes, most of the Peers besides three thousand spectators of both sexes being assembled in Westminster Hall, arranged for the occasion. No doubt Lord Melville will be acquitted. I only wish his accusers could be punished for thus exposing a man of merit, who has for so many years been in the service of the public.

The same letter tells of his determination to enter the Horse Guards. In that regiment the pay was two hundred and fifty pounds per annum: and no officer was allowed to spend more than one hundred and fifty pounds per annum above his pay. Allowance for horses and free lodgings were thrown in. The amount of pay amazed Ralph Heathcote, who was familiar with German economy. "Pray inform Zeppelin . . . that a private's income for a year exceeds by £44 17s. 3d. a lieutenant's of the Guards at Cassel."

While arrangements were being made for buying his commission he lived at Windsor and at Warren's Hotel, Charles Street, St. James's Square, in London. He spent his time in reading, and in attending plays and the opera. His comments read very pleasantly:

The orchestra is very full and excellent [he writes after his first visit]. I think I am a tolerably good judge of this part of an opera, and must own myself quite satisfied. It is just double the strength of that at Munich. The effect this produces is admirable, for none of the musicians being ever obliged to overstrain his instrument, the whole sound is mellow, though it may be ever so loud, the contrast with the pianos very fine and great.

The star then was Signora Grassini: her singing was incomparable in sweetness and the finest Heathcote had ever heard.

It is very seldom (not three times the whole evening) that she allowed herself any introduction of her own, any *metode* but never in the recitation, in which her chief force consists.

After the opera (it was Cimarosa's *Gli Orazzi e Curiazzi*) they danced off the ballet in trousers and tunic. Heathcote was no Knox to need fastening into a front row box: on the contrary he wrote in terms of rapture about the marvellous performance of one dancer whose feet hardly seemed to touch the ground: and even whispers that Lord Cholmondeley paid Mlle. Parisot, "the finest dancer, I believe, in the universe," one hundred guineas for a *tête-à-tête* between the acts.

In 1806 too, two companies of juvenile actors were taking the town, one English, one German. Heathcote duly went. The performers were under twelve. With the English company he was well pleased:

The little men acted very well indeed . . . The girls were below this standard, and it was easy to see that they were not very fond of their lovers, but, as is commonly the case at that age, bore a tolerable hatred to each other . . . Only think they performed *The Stranger*, a translation of Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und Reue*.

He went a few days later to a small theatre in the Haymarket to see a farce called *The Agreeable Surprise* in

which the inimitable Mr. Fawcett was playing the chief part. He laughed so much that:

I don't know what would have become of me, if a violent flood of tears had not come to my relief. A gentleman sitting next me was obliged to shut his eyes and stop his ears to get the better of laughing, and several ladies in the boxes left the house for a few minutes on the same account.

Soon after this occurrence he left London, "this con-founded sweet city," and joined his regiment at Piers Hill Barracks, one mile from Edinburgh. His regiment was the First or Royal Dragoons, not the Horse Guards, as he had originally intended. He gives an account of his duties and his dress and all the customs and manners of the officers. His life was easy and happy: his letters full and interesting. At length in 1809 after joining the Copenhagen expedition and a short time spent in Ireland, he went with his regiment to Portugal, and his letters become curt. It was impossible for him to write the half of what he observed and of what he desired to say, owing to the strict censorship which prevailed. His letters are a brief summary. Four years he remained in the Peninsula: and then at last he was able to rejoin his mother in Germany. He soon married Louise de Trott, and settled to a peaceful and happy life at Cassel with his mother and wife. His mother died in 1830. He died at Cassel in 1854: "and rests with all those he loved in the peaceful old cemetery there, under the shade of wide-spreading oaks." His letters written during the strenuous time of his life must interest all who care in any way for that most enthralling of subjects—the conduct of life.

THE PARSON'S HANDBOOK

The Parson's Handbook. By the Rev. PERCY DEARMER. (Frowde, 6s. net.)

THE Parson who writes this handbook now in its "sixth edition, revised a second time with much Additional Matter, and with Thirty-one Illustrations" seems to know his public, and the curious thing about it is how sheep-like they seem to be. For the writer is possessed with one ruling idea that his readers cannot for one moment be left to walk alone. If they are, they will be certain to err and stray for they cannot possibly know of themselves how to conform to that unfamiliar work the Book of Common Prayer.

That is what the whole trouble is about. The sheep who ought to be shepherds have been found wandering in all sorts of places where they ought not. They have gone in and out, up and down, north, south, east and west, anywhere except in the correct paths where they should be, and this in spite of a whole hierarchy of archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans and rural deans. However, the Church has been before now saved by the young and the confident, and henceforth the simple wanderers will have no excuse for going wrong even about the most minute and mote-like particular.

De minimis non curat lex: but if so it is plainly all the worse for the lex, and to amend its deficiency we have the present magisterial code containing

Practical Directions both for Parsons and others as to the Management of the Parish Church and its Services according to the English use, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

As a specimen of the kind of details into which our Mentor goes let us hear his directions on a matter of great interest to all of us.

In the pulpit itself everything should be avoided that tends to make a preacher nervous or awkward. The steps to the pulpit are often better behind and out of sight, but in this case there should be a door, or at least a wooden bar so that the occupant need not fear the fate of Eli. The sides of the pulpit should not be so low down that the hands dangle helplessly: Englishmen as a rule find their hands rather in the way, and they will speak much better, and avoid fingering their garments much more, if they can rest their hands quite comfortably on the sides of the pulpit. I would therefore suggest thirty-eight to forty inches as a convenient height for men of average size; it is best to err on the side of height. Where the sides of the pulpit are

too low, a rounded wooden rail can easily be fitted on to them and it can very often be made to look well: the rail gives a rest for the fingers, it makes gesture more ready, the hands not having to be lifted so high, and at the same time it leaves the top of the pulpit (which should be at least four or five inches broad) quite free for books. Every pulpit should also have a shelf, with a little ledge, large enough to hold the books, a handkerchief, etc.; this also helps to prevent the preacher hanging himself over the pulpit.

The author's experiences as a preacher seem to have at least bordered on the tragic, which perhaps accounts for these sympathetic and particular directions lest his brethren come also into the same dangerous places; but he does not forget to turn his attention to the churchwardens also, as the following directions will show:

It is convenient for the wardens to divide their duties. For example: one may deal with the finance, the charities, the vestry books, the seating of the congregation, the supplying books to strangers; the other may have the care of the fabric, organ, fittings, monuments, bells, ventilation, heating, lighting, and of the churchyard with its fences, paths, and gates. Some of these duties may be delegated to the sidesmen. The supervision of the cleaner is an important part of the wardens' duties. They must see that he keeps the pavements, window-sills, etc., clean, that he washes out the pews, brushes the mats and kneeling pads. They must also see that all carved work is cleaned sparingly and with the greatest care; sometimes carved stone may need to be washed and wiped, but it should never be rubbed or scrubbed; stalls, seats, etc., should be wiped with a damp cloth to remove the dust. Books and kneelers should be neatly arranged. The remoter parts of the church, such as the rood-loft, the ringing-loft, and heating chamber, should be periodically visited with a keen eye to dirt and cobwebs. Gas-jets must be cleaned and mantles renewed, or they will give a bad light; lamps need careful wiping and trimming or they smell and make blacks.

Truly the writer overlooks nothing, and considering how weak human nature, even that of wardens, is, it is perhaps well to have all this set down in print, and matter of rejoicing that it has reached a sixth edition!

Doubtless one secret of the demand for such directions is the love of reading what is obviously true. If no one has thought it hitherto worth while to write or to publish this kind of thing, that only gives it the air of freshness and novelty; and in this epoch of handbooks for every one we do not see any reason for confining such instructions to parsons and churchwardens. In fact, similar handbooks are already issued for "Catechists," "Missioners," "Servers," and the series might be almost indefinitely extended.

How invaluable it would be, for example, if some writer of similar gifts would make a "Handbook for Housemaids: to be given them by their Master, or Mistress on entering a new situation: containing Practical Directions how to set about cleaning and tidying the Master's Library and the Mistress's Boudoir, with Sundry Warnings on the Danger of separating Volume II. from Volume I., and of placing the Books in a position the reverse of Right Side Up." This might be followed by a Handbook for Gardeners, giving directions as what to do with weeds and how to call a spade; with an appendix or supplement on the use of the hoe.

The most useful and timely part of the present volume is that which calls attention to the need of reform in the matter of churchyard memorials. Here certainly the author hits the nail on the head, and it is a nail that wants hitting:

There are few churchyards that have not been spoiled by ill-chosen monuments. In the Middle Ages (when, by the way, the dead were infinitely better remembered than at the present day), there were few monuments in the churchyard, and those generally of a simple kind, such as a small wooden cross with a plain coping. In more recent times appeared plain head-stones, at first often of a beautiful type, and also monuments of great ugliness and pretension. It may be questioned, however, whether even in the worst period of Georgian paganism, the appearance of our churchyards was half as bad as the ostentation of the last thirty years has made it.

Here the author is on the right track, and we wish him all the attention he deserves, and if those for whom he writes will only take up the cry and instil into the general public a better and severer taste before it is too late, such an end outweighs many handbooks and is worth attaining even through labyrinths of minute directions, more intricate than those which Mr. Dearmer has devised.

PEACE OR TRUCE ?

The Truce in the East and its Aftermath. By B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)

It was once the privilege of the traveller to be persistently a weaver of romance; but an end was put to this state of affairs when travelling became comparatively cheap and safe, so that nowadays *impressions de voyage* are more pedantic than the quarterlies, and less full of romance than the halfpenny press. Mr. Putnam Weale, in his book "The Re-shaping of the Far East," has already shown himself so well informed that the pedantic vein in his new book, which is a sequel to the other, is a little surprising; for pedantry is generally a failing of those who know only a little. With his presentment of facts it would be difficult to quarrel, but with the conclusions written at the end of last year and so before the more recent developments of Anglo-Russian and Franco-Japanese ententes, it is not easy to agree. Mr. Weale's thesis is that the so-called peace is no more than a truce, and that it will be one of the greatest constructive victories of diplomacy if, during the nine years of Anglo-Japanese alliance which have still to elapse, a permanent Far Eastern peace is evolved. And the only solution for the many problems is the rapid growth of New China.

This growth alone [he says] will turn the present truce into a real peace, and will arrest all vague and shadowy plans. And along with this growth will come naturally and without urging a momentous result—a result which will be the signal that Japan has become an independent nation in the true sense of the word, that China has risen as a modern Power, that England is not a military nonentity, and that Russia has inaugurated a new policy. This result will be the termination for ever of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

It cannot be said that this conclusion is borne out by the interesting chapters which precede it, nor yet is it shown that the rapid growth of China is possible or probable. Though, as to the latter question, the reader must supply many of the data for himself. So far as we can see, for example, the Panama Canal is only once mentioned in this book, yet its bearing on the case is obvious; and we should particularly have liked to see the Canal discussed not only in regard to its strategical importance but also with respect to the threatened importation, to China *via* the Canal, of yellow fever. The author acknowledges indeed that "a powerful America in the Pacific and a powerful new China" may really be the only two factors which are necessary to begin the final solution of the yet unsolved problem of the Far East, but he devotes little space to this consideration. Who was at the back of the Chinese boycott of American goods, and what will be the result of Japanese commercial enterprise and price-cutting in the United States are questions from which he stands aloof. The future food-supply of Japan too is a question worthy of attention if the elimination of beri-beri is to be obtained by a change to European diet, as advocated by one of the best-known Japanese naval surgeons. No one will deny the ingenuity of Mr. Weale's book, but his arguments appear insufficient and at times, like his grammar, somewhat strained. As a military critic he is still less to be reckoned as of great account. His rhapsody, for example, about the Japanese railways proves this. He writes that

the giant, sexless mechanism will soon sink to sleep, for the struggle is over, and rail-power, donning its civilian clothes, will too readily make people forget that it has been the great and the only really glorious General of the war.

The remark is very true; for Khilkoff's management of the Siberian railway is one of the wonders of the world, though a Kipling might not like the epithet of sexless, so far as the Russians were concerned, and few critics would consent to its application to the Japanese.

From these controversial subjects it is a great pleasure to turn to what the author terms travel chapters. They are full of interest and well written, and often marked by

a keen observation. The best of these is that which deals with North-Western Korea. In dealing with the possibility of the colonisation of that country, Mr. Weale says that in Central and Southern Korea it is being rapidly proved that Japanese cannot perform menial work side by side with Koreans.

Just as in currencies the baser sort drives the better out of the market, so with men it is impossible for the more civilised to labour side by side with those whom they rate inferior. . . . Even supposing Japanese model agricultural communities are formed, either by public or private enterprise, surrounded as they will be by a dense Korean population, it would be merely a matter of time for them to be turned into farming establishments, in which the Japanese become mere overseers and the Koreans the real labourers and the real motive-power.

The point is one to which little attention has hitherto been drawn; but it must form one of the greatest natural obstacles to any true colonisation of the country. It does not at present seem likely that the status of the Koreans will in the near future be raised by education, and as intermarriage with the Japanese is not probable the difficulty of settling any portion of the country appears insurmountable. For raising this and other similar questions we are profoundly grateful to Mr. Weale, though in other respects, as has been stated, we venture to hold, often on purely logical grounds, an opinion different from that expressed by one whose knowledge of the Far East is admittedly great.

MALTHUSIANISM UP TO DATE

Population and Progress. By MONTAGUE CRACKANTHORPE, K.C. (Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.)

With a steadily declining birth-rate in every European country, in our Colonies, and in America, we might suppose that Mr. Crackanthorpe in this little book on the population question was preaching to the converted. But from his point of view, which is radically opposite to that of which the Bishop of London and Father Vaughan are the most recent exponents, there is a wide field for further missionary enterprise. The classes are whole and need no physician; but the masses still as recklessly reproduce themselves as in the days when Malthus first diagnosed their disease. Mr. Crackanthorpe is a Malthusian; but a neo-Malthusian; that is he is not satisfied with dilating upon the poverty, and many other horrors of our civilisation, which he believes arise from overpopulation; but he has a plan to propose; though he discreetly veils it under the name of the "voluntary principle."

It is well known that some years ago, certain neo-Malthusians were prosecuted for also announcing a plan founded on a "voluntary principle"; different, however from Mr. Crackanthorpe's. Mr. Crackanthorpe first revealed his secret in the *Fortnightly Review* for October 1872. Or rather he did not reveal it; for he used so much reserve that numerous readers of his "The Morality of Married Life," wrote desiring him to explain what after all the secret was. In reply he wrote a letter in the *Fortnightly Review* saying, "the reference intended is to physiological laws first enunciated about thirty years ago, and since recast with greater exactness of limitation, by writers of eminence in that department of science." He mentioned by name several treatises by German and French writers. Now Mr. Crackanthorpe reproduces this essay and adds several others recently written. In none of them does he make any further or more popular exposition of what he means. Whether in the course of thirty-five years Mr. Crackanthorpe's readers have become more sophisticated we do not know; but even after making all possible allowances for the spread of education since those days, it strikes us as being still a remarkably esoteric doctrine to preach to the masses. It would have been extremely interesting if Mr. Crackanthorpe had informed us to what extent the particular

scientific information he hints at has spread during these sixty-five years. The statistics, which now cause so much satisfaction or dissatisfaction, according as one sees in them a sign of progress or a sign of deterioration and decay, would then be read with a new meaning. The explanation of these statistics is admitted both by those who approve and those who disapprove to lie in the adoption of the "voluntary principle" in some form or other, whether or not it be the one suggested by Mr. Crackanthorpe. Mr. Sidney Webb made this point clear in his recent letters to the *Times*. If the facts are as Mr. Webb asserts them to be, Mr. Crackanthorpe need not be so despondent about the difficulty of getting the lower classes to follow the example of the higher. According to Mr. Webb all classes are "in the movement." Their education has been taken in hand by writers of such diverse views as Malthus, Dr. Chalmers, John Stuart Mill and Huxley; and it has been reinforced by personal experience in a society which every day becomes harder for all except the rich. There was never less reticence on the subject than there is at present; and it is noticeable that women writers with experience of the households of the lower classes are introducing a more personal note into the discussion, and presenting the case from the wives and mothers' position. We may mention Mrs. Ashby Macfadyen's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for March of this year; and Lady Bell's book on the Middlesborough Ironworkers.

The question of morality, in the conventional personal sense, stands of course at the threshold of these discussions; and is usually met, as Mr. Crackanthorpe meets it, by an assertion of social morality in the wider sense, including all the consequences of poverty, disease and crime—Mr. Crackanthorpe adds also wars—which spring from an unrestricted population. There is one difficulty, however, which Mr. Crackanthorpe only very casually deals with. Since Darwinism entered into this subject, as it has done into all subjects concerned with physiology, a new element has been introduced. We now understand that the fecundity of nature, though it leads to such deplorable consequences for the individual, is the cause of the struggle by which the race improves, without which it would not pass into its higher developments. We find that one of the objections taken to Socialism by some writers is that it aims at reducing the struggle to its lowest point. Yet we have these same writers appalled at the wreckage of humanity that results from the struggle, and proposing to eliminate the unfit by prohibiting their reproduction. Perhaps there is no better argument than that which Mr. Crackanthorpe indicates: that man interferes with Nature in so many ways that he may well take the additional risk of limiting his numbers since *prima facie* it seems to be so much for his benefit. Mr. Crackanthorpe is not a Socialist for this one reason at least; that he believes most serious social questions would be settled by his "voluntary principle." The Socialists would not admit this; but he is very probably right in contending that under Socialism an effort would be made to limit population. Only, we suppose, that instead of the individual applying the voluntary principle for himself the State would enforce it in some as yet unimaginable fashion.

KPHTH MEMIRMENH

The Discoveries in Crete. By RONALD M. BURROWS. (Murray, 5s. net.)

FOR the last seven or eight years Crete, with its ever-increasing treasures of unthinkable centuries past, has been to the general public a labyrinth without an Ariadne. An extensive literature of the subject has sprung up, conjecture, mostly partisan in character, has been rife, and the Candia museum has become the Mecca of Aegean prehistorians. In the meantime the great section of cultivated people to whom such discoveries are greatly interesting, so long as

they appear to lead to any definite conclusions, has grown puzzled and a little impatient. Not realising that definite conclusions cannot be drawn even from the mass of material by which "Greek" archaeology has been enriched through the excavations in Crete, that section has been inclined to lose interest in Crete; and this loss of interest is but natural when the difficulty of access to information is considered. For the most part the results of the excavations have been published in the journals of learned societies, or in a form so expensive as to be out of the reach even of the average library.

Professor Burrows, therefore, has rendered signal service not only to the public at large, but also to the cause of archaeological research by his little book. He has read, as it would seem, everything which has been published concerning the Cretan discoveries, and has had access to a great deal of information at first hand which has not yet found its way into print at all. And from this enormous mass of material, which has been the bewilderment even of many of the elect, he has drawn out the main threads of argument and has woven them into a work which has more than the mere colour of cohesion and continuity.

The worst of this uncovering of a lost civilisation has been that it has caused the roots of European population to be dragged into the light of criticism and discussion. Even Professor Ridgeway in his boldly original "Early Age of Greece," was content to find in the "Pelasgians" the primeval race of the Aegean, and ventured to equate them broadly with that quick-witted Mediterranean stock, from whom all artistic impulse seems to have flowed. But he had to deal only with the remains of an artistic decadence, with the last days of a civilisation whose luxury was its destruction. In 1901, when the first volume of Professor Ridgeway's book was published, Mr. Evans was still speaking of Goula as "one of the principal centres of the Mycenaean world." The throne-room of Gnosso was but newly discovered and Phaistos was untouched by Dr. Halbherr. The mainland of Greece was still regarded as the home and centre-point of Aegean culture.

Crete has changed all that, and in shifting the apparent centre of Aegean civilisation eastward to an island home, has solved many problems, and raised as many more. A chronology which no one sought to take further back than B.C. 1500 at the outside, was at least manageable within the limits of the "Greek" world: but when we come to 2000, 3000—nay, Professor Burrows even talks of B.C. 10,000 and 12,000!—there is room for the development and fall, not only of a single people, but of a whole crop of nations. In the time which may have elapsed between the last days of the neolithic age, and the end of Cretan glory, Mr. Evans has distinguished nine periods at least: and we have to turn to Egypt to find a measure whereby to mark off even the most conjectural series of dates.

Egyptian chronology fails us at a critical juncture. Mr. Evans has synchronised with the XIIIth Dynasty, the middle Minoan III. period of Crete, and there is excellent reason to believe that this period did not end before the XVth Dynasty. But the unfortunate part of it is that the XIIth, XIIIth and XVth Dynasties are all of uncertain date. The traditional date for the XIIth Dynasty is about B.C. 2500. The certain date for the XVIIIth Dynasty is c. B.C. 1580. Accordingly, Mr. Evans places his Middle Minoan II. from 2500 to 2200, and Middle Minoan III. from 2200 to 1800. But the "Berlin astronomy" places the XIIth Dynasty at 2000 and the XIIIth at 1788, which has the result of packing the period XIIth to XVIIIth Dynasties, and, consequently, the bloom of the Minoan civilisation, into a much shorter time. According to the Berlin astronomy there is a gap of but two hundred and eight years between the XIIth and XVIIIth Dynasties, which seems extraordinarily short, while both the traditional dating, and that adopted by Petrie in his "Sinai"—nine hundred and eighty-five and sixteen hundred and sixty-

six years respectively, seem too long. A whole Sothic cycle has been requisitioned by Petrie to obtain the latter dating, for he has accepted the Berlin astronomy without accepting its resultant date. Both for Egyptian and the Aegean chronology, this problem is of enormous importance, and Professor Burrows sums up the pros and cons of each theory with the utmost lucidity, inclining on the whole to the shortest period, on both artistic and historical grounds.

This chapter is a true index to his handling of the whole subject. In each province a clear statement of the material evidence and of the use of it by the various schools of thought is followed by a careful summing-up of the relative merits of the different theories which have been evolved. The description of the discoveries themselves only confirms the startling impression of modernity which had been conveyed by the reports of Mr. Evans and of the Italian excavators. More especially the elaborate sanitary system of "lavatories, sinks, and manholes . . . is staggeringly modern and 'all Inglesse,' as Dr. Halbherr gracefully calls it."

Even more surprising is the discovery made by Mr. Evans of a system of weights and measures and *coinage*, which is, after all, only the inevitable complement to Professor Ridgeway's discovery that the gold rings and spirals of Mycenae were made to a weight-standard of one hundred and thirty grains—the light Babylonian shekel. But even further than this, and also further than the ox-head weights and the bronze currency-ingots, the step towards a definite system of coinage is taken by the series of little dumps of gold and silver, one of which is actually marked with a symbol, either H or F. The great commercial activity of Crete had called coinage into existence perhaps a thousand years before Gyges first coined the pale electrum of Lydia. The total absence of fortification, too, is made to tell its own tale with graphic simplicity. The busy, commercial, island empire, whose coasts were its fortifications till

Once that sea power was lost and the invaders got a footing on the island, the end was sudden and overwhelming. Everywhere there are signs of a great conflagration. The blazing of the oil in the store jars of the western magazines is probably the reason for the preservation of the masses of clay tablets in this part of the Palace . . . Fire, that has destroyed so many libraries, has preserved Mr. Evans' at Knossos.

But it is a library of books that no man can read, and the day seems distant still when we shall be able to decipher these tantalising tablets of clay.

One of the most illuminating and closely reasoned chapters is chap. xi., which deals with the affinity between the pottery of Petrény and that of the Aegean. Incidentally this chapter demolishes the mischievous Achaean theory of Dr. Dörpfeld, who, we cannot help thinking, has got seriously out of his depth in Cretan matters. But it is mainly devoted to the quest of some reasonable explanation of the remarkable resemblance between the neolithic age of pottery of Bessarabia and Galicia, and the decorative motives which are especially characteristic of Crete and Melos in the bronze age. Due consideration is given to the "northward" theory of Dr. Wosinsky, but, as Professor Burrows pertinently remarks, it seems unlikely that the north should

obtain from the South nothing that was material or portable but only that most impalpable of things, the artistic spirit.

No less fraught with difficulty is the path taken by Schmidt and von Stern, who seek to show that the correspondence is due to a divided migration from north to south, for it entails the supposition either that a neolithic people conquered a bronze-using people, which is contrary to all likelihood, or that the migrants forgot the art they had left behind until centuries after the migration, and then remembered it again. And this forgetfulness must have begun at the very moment of their first departure, for the line of their supposed route is marked by a lower

level of art than that either of neolithic Petrény or bronze-age Crete.

After all, the view suggested by Dr. Hoernes, and developed with much skill by Professor Burrows, that the two arts are independent developments from one original stock, seems to be the most probable—even the most obvious. Scarcity of metal, of which there is abundant classical evidence, kept the Bessarabian folk in the stone age, while Crete soon reached the age of bronze.

In his chapter "Crete and the Homeric poems," Professor Burrows is not so happy. In commenting upon the suggestion of Dr. Drerup that Crete was the home of the Odyssey, he draws the obvious parallel between the Phaeacian and the Minoan as revealed by the excavations. But when he finds confirmation of a Cretan origin for Alkinoos in Od. vii. 321-4, we cannot follow him.

τὴν περ τηλοτάτω φάσ' ἔμμεναι

applies to Euboea far better in relation to Corcyra than to Crete, even allowing for the greater terrors of an open-sea voyage—though we must admit the difficulty raised by the allusion to the Cretan Rhadamanthus.

Scarcely more satisfactory are his arguments for the evolutionary formation of the Homeric poems. We much prefer Mr. Lang's treatment of Od. xvi. 294, xix. 13—*αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα σιδηρὸς*—both to Professor Ridgeway's and Professor Burrows'. And in any case the proverbial cast of the line is too strong to be natural to an age of transition like that indicated by the East Cretan tombs. Mr. Lang holds, and we think he proves, that the Homeric age was transitional between those of bronze and iron; and the unity of the poems is perfectly consistent with this view. The second example—that of the relationship between Alkinoos and Arete (Od. vii. 54-64) is no better. For vii. 63 *νυμφίον, ἐν μεγάρῳ μίαν οἶον παῖδα λιπόντα* destroys the force of *ἄκουρον* in l. 64. The juxtaposition of *νυμφίον*—*μίαν παῖδα* suggests, in combination with *ἄκουρον*, that Arete was a posthumous child of Rhexenor, in which case Professor Burrows's contention that "*ἄκουρον* would naturally be without a *κούρη* as well as without a *κούρος*" is satisfied, without making Alkinoos marry his sister. No "moment of culture," nor "intrusive bit of 'gag'" is necessary to explain the passage, nor does it disturb the unity of the poem.

But it is ungracious to cavil at Homeric criticism in a book whose main object is so well and so modestly achieved. We can say without hesitation that this little work is almost a necessary introduction to the unwieldy mass of material with which the author has had to deal. The sources of that material are indicated in an admirable bibliography of the subject, and in references at the foot of every age, and the reader of this book is not only told where to get his first-hand information, but is thoroughly primed to receive and handle it with something approaching ease. And if the illustrations are few and far between, they are admirably chosen. The compensation for their scarcity lies in the moderation of the price, which really brings the book and the treasures it contains within the reach of all.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

England and America, 1763-1783. The History of a Reaction. By MARY A. M. MARKS. 2 vols. (Brown, Langham, 30s. net.)

As the result of diligent study, wide reading, careful comparison of contemporary records, and much natural aptitude for the marshalling of facts, this book is nothing less than thorough. The authoress introduces it by the remark, "The history of the loss of America is the history of a Tory reaction." This is undeniable, although one does not recollect having seen the statement made in precisely these terms before. Nobody now looks upon the

quarrel with our North American Colonies as anything but a hideous blunder. Nobody now says that the Ministers who brought it about deserved well of their country. Nobody now thinks that the conscientious but narrow-minded Sovereign, whose influence destroyed the last chances of reconciliation, showed himself thereby to be an enlightened ruler. Such being the matured views of the writer of this history, it is only fair to her to admit that she proves her case thoroughly and satisfactorily. Her impartiality is manifest, and her inferences from the logical sequence of events are unimpeachable. Step by step, year by year, she shows how the inevitable was brought about, and how, the fates being unkind, our ministers made the best of a bad job, and "vowing they would ne'er consent, consented." The conclusions arrived at are fairly summed up in the following extract:

At the close of the Seven Years' War, the National Debt was £139,000,000. At the close of the American War—undertaken to help pay off that debt—it was £268,000,000. Our scheme for making the Colonies share the burden of Empire had cost us £129,000,000. We had never even expected to get as much as a quarter of a million revenue out of America. We had suffered innumerable disasters, had lost half a Continent, and very nearly lost Gibraltar. America had suffered too; but her thirteen provinces, from being mere Colonies and Plantations, hangers-on to the commerce of a great nation in another hemisphere, and permitted to try and sell only as she chose to permit, had become Thirteen Sovereign States, treating on equal terms with the Powers of the world. This was the great achievement of the North Ministry. It made the American people.

To students of history this book should be invaluable; it puts things in a clear, simple light, and is the work of one who has made careful research into the records of a period which has had and, for the matter of that, is having no little influence on our economic history of to-day.

Rambles of an Australian Naturalist. By PAUL FOUNTAIN and THOMAS WARD. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

PRECISELY whose fault it is that one accompanies these rambles at the cost of so much fatigue it is difficult to say. The facts are the facts of Mr. Ward; Mr. Fountain's part having been, as he tells us in a preface, merely "to reduce the notes to readable form." As it is precisely the form of the narrative which is so discouraging, one would be tempted to put the blame entirely on Mr. Fountain were it not that, a few lines later, he tells us that he has "left Mr. Ward to tell the story in his own language and style"—which appears to shift the responsibility back again. Let us therefore leave it divided, regretting only that so much excellent material was not somehow presented to the public in more appetising shape. On his various journeys Mr. Ward has covered a large proportion of the surface of Australia, both inland and along the coast. Often he went at considerable risk to his own life and persevered in the face of hardship and danger; while always he brought to bear on his surroundings a lively talent of observation and a wide, if not a profound, knowledge of the wild life of the continent. We may not be inclined to take him so seriously as a scientific naturalist as he appears to take himself (or should we say as Mr. Fountain takes him?), but he gives us an immense amount of interesting information on the always extraordinary and fascinating creatures of an extraordinary and fascinating region. The megapode, or brush-turkey, which (apparently by co-operative effort) accumulates in a single nesting mound as many as sixty-five eggs of relatively enormous size; centipedes seventeen inches long, which "draw the tail end of the body up to the head, in the manner of a caterpillar progressing along a twig," and then, letting themselves go, "spring a distance of twelve or sixteen feet"; crabs with a stretch of legs of seven feet; the frilled lizard which goes always on its hind legs, and, even in a wild state, in Mr. Ward's opinion, has a meal only about once in six weeks; dugongs, as studied under water through the eyes of a diver's costume, and which Mr. Ward suspects of being ruminants;

echidnas and duck-bills, the latter of which he believes, in spite of its lower type of brain, to be the more intelligent animal of the two; lyre-birds and bower-birds, cockatoos and parrots of divers kinds, many of which, besides the New Zealand kakas, are apparently more carnivorous than is commonly supposed; kangaroos and wallabies; the big trees of the Fernshaw district, compared to which the much better advertised giants of California cut but a poor figure, being over-topped by no less than one hundred and fifty feet in height; these are only a few of the subjects which turn up in the course of the Rambles on all of which Mr. Ward has something of more or less interest to say from his own observation. Not least noteworthy among the wild things of the continent are the Australian aborigines—the Blackfellows themselves—of whom our author (or should we say "our authors?") speaks with more kindness than most travellers. "Cannibalism," we are told, "is quite unknown among the Australian blacks," a comprehensive statement which, we confess, comes to us with something like a shock, in view of the positive opinions of high authorities to the contrary. It is a matter which the authorities must settle among themselves; but we are tempted to remind Mr. Ward that one single authenticated instance of undoubted cannibalism (if it be no more than a baby that is eaten) goes further to prove a case than any amount of negative evidence on the part of explorers who have failed to find traces of the practice. Our quarrel with the book, however, is not with any statements of opinion or of fact (except in occasional cases of obvious carelessness and inaccuracy, as in a list of lepidoptera on page 83, which is simply deplorable in the number of errors which it contains) but with the ingenuity with which so much that ought to be of the greatest interest is made almost tedious in the reading.

THE MORNING LIGHT

A FEW weeks ago a well-known daily paper had two remarkable paragraphs, the one following immediately on the other in such a fashion that total lack of humour on the part of the assistant-editor may reasonably and safely be inferred. The first paragraph sounded a well-known note—the backward condition of Spain. Those poor benighted Spaniards! With "mineral resources" expressly designed by the Almighty to be exploited on the Stock Exchange; with metals teeming in the earth, awaiting the touch of the company promoter to bless the world; with such bright examples as Johannesburg in Africa and the Black Country in England before them; these wretched Spaniards will do nothing. As a consequence, of course, a great and good nation like the United States takes their colonies away, business men, practical, hard-headed men refuse to love them, and they have to eat common bread and drink common wine instead of revelling on Chicago canned goods and "substitutes."

The paragraph in question did not deal with the symptoms; it went straight to the cause. The Spaniards are wretched, it seems, because elementary education is so shockingly neglected; the statistics given are terrible, they sound like a nightmare which might beset a permanent official at the Board of Education after he had eaten pork chops for supper, from which he would awake with a groan of horror and a sigh of relief, as he realised that after all it was only an ugly dream. Good; we know why Spain is unhappy and backward and unbusinesslike and the rest of it—there are no Council Schools. One is not surprised: how can a people be fit for anything if the children are not taught French, Physiology, Euclid—and the Violin?

And then, when one is feeling all right, and comfortable, and proud of one's country, and glad one is Pro-

gressive, and enlightened, and Liberal, and all that sort of thing—then on the very tail of paragraph No. 1 comes paragraph No. 2, and paragraph No. 2 is a wail of despair over London hooliganism, over the badly behaved, loutish, vicious, ignorant, criminal young yahoos whom London turns out by the thousand. They are a hopeless race, it seems; there is no doing anything with them; they are a pest, and an ugly pest too.

Poor London marries young. A, let us say, was the child of an uneducated costermonger who knew nothing about the duodenum, and, if he played the fiddle, did so in a thoroughly amateurish, uninstructed manner after a course of wholly irregular lessons from an alcoholic person of Irish extraction. This ancestral costermonger could not have parsed the simplest sentence in the tongue of our vivacious neighbour, the Gaul. But A, his child, born in 1860, is destined to a happier state of things. He is caught by a kind inspector, and goes to the Board School. He is a father in 1878, and little B, his offspring, starts bravely as an Infant and attains to the heights of knowledge of the mystic seventh standard. B, too, leads his blushing bride to the altar at an early age, and C is "the consekens o' the manover." C was born in 1898; he is now an elementary scholar and—it seems from paragraph No. 2—an elementary hooligan. And he is the third in descent to profit by the nostrum which would be the salvation of Spain, by the system, which having been practised for thirty-seven years, has succeeded in turning out a race of brutish savages! One of those two paragraphs should certainly have been "held over" for a day or two.

The fact is that it is quite time to recognise a great truth. This is, that you cannot make expert surgeons by the free distribution of cases of operating-instruments, accompanied, perhaps, by little books—"The Bistoury and how to Use It," "Half Hours with Great Operators," etc. etc. The amputating knife is a capital thing in skilled hands; but if the hands be unskilled and unfit it is a useless, even a dangerous toy. And, in like manner, instruction *qua* instruction, without certain qualifications, is no doubt useless, and perhaps poisonous. Everybody who had any sense knew this long ago, but the advanced, the progressive, the scientific went gaily into the educational adventure, with the result that they have spent a great deal of money, bothered a great many children, and effected nothing or worse than nothing—according to the showing of paragraph No. 2. After all, there were dons and schoolmasters in plenty before 1870; there were not lacking examples of the truth that a man may be highly, even elaborately instructed and remain a senseless, ill-mannered, unintelligent boor, profiting as much by his knowledge of two great literatures as a wandering hog profits by the beauty of the landscape through which he strays. And this being so, it should have been evident to the Board School projectors that if Oxford and Cambridge, Harrow and Eton gave such results, it was not very likely that the Board Schools, presided over by Mr. M'Choakumchild and Bradley Headstone would do much better. However, they insisted that with compulsory education the Golden Age would come with a rush, and we have seen that there are still people who discourse this kind of folly; even when at the next moment they set down the evidence that it is folly, and folly of the most offensive sort.

And in spite of this evidence we have the authoress of "Labour and Childhood" (Sonnenschein) writing such a sentence as this:

But the morning light is even now tearing aside the shadows of ecclesiastical authority and in the ear of Demos a fresh cry rings, fresh and new as from the lips of Morning: "What is Man? And what can you make of him?"

We have seen what education, in the authoress's sense, can make of him; it can make him something considerably lower than a badly behaved ape. We know, too, what the person called Demos does if he is left to his own

devices. Aristophanes tells us a good deal about this unhappy individual; and there are some rather valuable notes on his little ways in *Henry VI. Part 2* *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*. His great achievement, however, is the United States of America, sometimes known as "Hell with the Lid off." There are no shadows of ecclesiastical authority there; only the Meat Packing Trust, and good Mr. Rockefeller, and an entirely corrupt judicial system, and a bribed legislature, and a universal *pourriture* in all the municipalities, and lynch law and grilled negro. The morning light has torn aside the shadows to some purpose in that peaceful, happy land. One hopes that Demos likes it; but one gathers from his Socialist friends that he is not altogether enjoying himself.

Mr. Bray knows much better. "The Town Child" (Unwin) is not only a most intelligent book; it is highly entertaining, and written with a pretty and vivacious spirit that is not often found in works that deal with education. Take, for example, his instance of morality carried to the heroic pitch: the child, he says, may be told to go and speak kindly to his maiden aunt! There is not a dull page in a book which might so easily have been very dull indeed; and nobody who desires to talk sense on the education question—burning now, and likely to be white hot before very long—can afford to neglect this most admirable treatise. For Mr. Bray has cleared his mind of cant; he has nothing to say about Demos or "the lips of morning." He has studied the facts of his case, and has studied them in the light of first principles.

Mr. Bray is quite clear on the main point: he sees that the imparting of information on various subjects is, by itself, and in itself, a useless, absurd, and dangerous practice. What is wanted is not instruction but the production of an atmosphere, and our author is absolutely sound on the way to produce this atmosphere. "Take the children to High Mass as often as possible," he says, practically, "and whatever you do, see that they believe in fairies." It would be quite impossible to better this advice; and Mr. Bray very properly points out that the child who believes in fairies is infinitely nearer to the truth of things than the child who has been brought up on "scientific" principles. All this of course is obvious; but what a joy to find that anybody who is concerned with education recognises the obvious.

For, if we are Anglicans we must not be too proud. The English Church had control of the schools for many years, and rightly, since the English Church paid for the land, paid for the bricks and mortar, paid for the master and mistress. But what use was made of this great opportunity? One fears a very bad one. To appeal to the excellent author of "The Town Child" once more; the Bible was read *ad nauseam*, read from the dullest, dreariest, stupidest point of view; sometimes as a forbidding code of negative morals, sometimes for the sake of the dates of the Kings of Israel and Judah, sometimes as a collection of queer stories. The Church built the school, paid the mistress—and taught her children that it was naughty to steal, the dimensions of King Solomon's Temple, and the tales of Jonah in the Bulrushes and Moses in the Lion's Den. The children's teeth are still on edge: through false priests and wicked bishops who pretended that this farce was the faith of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. One must beg pardon: the children learned more: they learned how to shriek all the most maudlin Hymns in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" married to "music" that would disgrace a penny gaff. No! the only attitude that befits the English Church is one of profound penitence for a shamefully misused opportunity, and of a humble resolve to do better for the future, leaving all cant of "Bible Teaching" to "Dr." Clifford, and to the gang of imbeciles who follow his lead.

Mr. Bray is right in almost everything that he says, and his testimony is the more valuable in that he speaks from a quite independent standpoint. It is not the business of the reviewer to go behind the title-page, to know more than is written. Mr. Bray pleads for High

Mass for children not as a Catholic but as an observant human being; as one might suggest, speaking without prejudice as to any medical theory, that if you are thirsty, it is not a bad plan to drink. And who that has eyes to see, and something bearing some faint resemblance to a brain behind those eyes, can fail to note the deadly, all-consuming thirst that now burns and racks the race of men and children too. There are the wonderful ones, the superhuman race—Miss (or Mrs.) McMillan is of these—who see the thirst, who have seen the poor perishing ones given salt and water in repeated doses for the last thirty-seven years, who still dare to cry that more salt and water is all that is needed, only the salt must be of the very best quality.

And their answer comes from all quarters. It comes from the poor yahoos, from these ill-used wretches who have passed all the standards, who have learnt about the pancreas, who can construe the selected passages in French, and demonstrate the Bridge of Asses which they have been made to cross; from these wretched and horrible lads and girls who should be tasting of the rare wine of the world and know nothing better than a drench of four ale; from those poor lost children who are a horror by day and a terror by night, who year by year grow less human and more bestial as the "morning light" tears aside more shadows of authority, human and divine. The answer comes from the French Republic, as one waits for news of a fresh religious order despoiled, of a fresh swindle in the highest official circles. It comes from America, home of every fraud, of every poisonous adulteration, of every monstrous crime, of every crazy and drivelling superstition; it comes from the "lips of morning," from the lips of Mrs. Baker Eddy, from the lips of a thousand quacks and charlatans.

One hopes against hope for England; one hopes that this book of Mr. Bray's may have its due effect with the people who are are besotted merely, not malignant. One can only say:

Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus: et fugiant qui oderunt eum a facie ejus.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

MR. WHIBLEY'S BYRON

THE secret of the intense fascination that Byron has and always will have for those who love literature is very difficult to define. Mr. Henley set the fashion and Mr. Whibley carries it on (in "Byron," selected with an introduction by Charles Whibley) of defending Byron against an imaginary neglect. There never was a man who stood in less need of such defence. It is utterly untrue to say that Byron is neglected. He never has been neglected and never will be. Every word he has written is treasured and every detail about his life is eagerly dwelt on. So far from his ever having been under-praised and under-valued, it would be much truer to say that he has been consistently over-praised and over-valued. The fact is that he is such a fascinating personality that his admirers, whose name is legion, cannot resist the temptation of endowing him with qualities which he did not possess and of praising him for powers which were never his. I yield to no one in my love and admiration for Byron. He was a man who was simply bursting with genius and his whole attitude towards life was splendid. I have felt, as others have, the temptation to say that he must have been a great poet. One feels that he ought to have been a great poet, with his beautiful face, his fiery soul, his splendid intellectual honesty and courage, his rush of language, and his absolutely poetical relation to life. But was he a great poet? Listen to Mr. Whibley on this point:

He had little sense of the value of words. When he wrote blank verse, he showed a complete misunderstanding of the intricate metre. To compare "Cain" for instance with "Paradise Lost" is to discover the difference between poetry and measured prose . . . The poet's constant habit of ending his lines with particles and prepositions

makes dignity impossible. . . . Such lines as these . . . could only be written by one dimly conscious of the medium in which he worked. . . . Byron was neither sensitive nor observant. . . . He had the common love of the otiose epithet which the careless poet cannot resist.

Now all that is perfectly true and just criticism. The astonishing thing is that Mr. Whibley goes on to say:

But when all his faults are admitted, he remains the greatest poet of his generation.

One may just as well say of a painter: "He couldn't draw at all, his colour was vile, his technique invariably faulty. To compare his work with Michael Angelo's is to discover the difference between painting and daubing. Yet with all these faults he was the greatest painter the world has ever produced." When you come to consider that the generation of which Mr. Whibley says Byron was the greatest, produced Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth, it seems hard to believe that Mr. Whibley can seriously advance such a proposition. My own opinion is that so far from Byron being the greatest poet of his generation, he was not, properly speaking, a poet at all. What is more, when he wrote his one imperishable work, the superb "Don Juan," he was beginning to be conscious that he was not a poet. In one of his later letters he pours well-deserved scorn on his own earlier work. It is no disparagement to Byron to say that "Don Juan" is not, strictly speaking, pure poetry. He did not intend it to be so. In many respects it is greater or at least more comprehensive than pure poetry could be, because it avoids the concession to perfection of form that the highest poetry demands even at the cost, in the last resort, of sacrificing everything else. It is not possible in the highest poetry to be witty and ribald and rollicking and ironical and cynical and delightfully shameless, as Byron was in "Don Juan." The highest poetry does not admit of humour. "Don Juan" is a magnificent satire written in rhyme. Of its kind nothing finer has ever been written. It is a matter for deep regret that Byron did not realise earlier than he did that his *métier* was not that of a poet. It is a matter for deep regret that he wasted his tremendous powers and his superb intellect in writing pages and pages of bombastic, rhetorical and sentimental stuff which often descended into sheer doggerel, and never rose even at its best to anything more than passable verse, when all the time he had it in him to write half a dozen "Don Juans." After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Mr. Whibley says that Byron was the greatest poet of his generation. Turn to the first poem in Mr. Whibley's selection, and take the first verse in the book:

*Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past;
Where science first dawned on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were formed too romantic to last.*

What about that Mr. Whibley? Is that great poetry or is it merely feeble doggerel? If that sort of stuff was printed in a book of verse by a modern poet and sent to you for review, what would you say of it? Mr. Whibley may say that it is not fair to select one of Byron's early poems written when he was a mere boy. But I reply to that, that Mr. Whibley's book consists of a "selection." He selected that poem as an example of the work of the man whom he says is greater than Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. If he does not think it a worthy example of Byron, why does he include it in the book? But the fact is that it is not necessary to go back to "Hours of Idleness" to find copious examples of the bad poetry that Byron reeled out by the yard. The whole book is full of it. Open it where you like at random. Here, page 153, "The Corsair;" take the first lines the eye happens to fall on:

*The lights are high on beacon and from bower
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never failed
Nor now perchance extinguished, only veiled.*

Could anything be more dull and boring and undistinguished and unpoetical? And Mr. Whibley thinks that the writer of this sort of twaddle can be seriously compared as a poet with the writer of

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow Time.

The fact is that not only was Byron not a good poet, but he actually disliked poetry. I have before in the pages of this journal quoted the dictum: "There are two ways of disliking poetry. One is to dislike it, the other is to like Pope."

Byron adopted both ways. He adored Pope, and thought him far the greatest English poet, and on that subject he wrote some splendid pages of prose, "alas too few!" He never could endure good poetry. He had the priceless privilege of having Shelley's friendship and of spending months at a time in his company, and yet he utterly failed to realise that Shelley was one of the greatest poets of all time. As for Keats the language he used about that poet of poets, that supreme singer of divine melodies, is one of the things that it really requires a great effort to forgive him for, unless one remembers, as I do, that he did not understand or care for poetry. That being so, words that would be unforgiveable in any poet of Keats's own standing, amount to nothing in Byron's case, and it is much easier to forgive him for using them than it is to forgive Wordsworth for the remarks about Shelley that Trelawney attributes to him. A poet who could write sonnets as good as Wordsworth's could have no excuse for not appreciating Shelley. The horrible stupidity of the dreadful little Tommy Moore which caused him to destroy Byron's autobiography was an irreparable disaster. Byron's real genius, expressed to its full in "Don Juan," shines with equal force in his letters and in the few pieces of prose of his we possess. His autobiography would have doubtless been his masterpiece, or as nothing could be finer than "Don Juan" let us say that it would have been an equal revelation of his genius. If Moore instead of destroying his autobiography had been able to destroy the whole of his poetical works with the exception of "Don Juan," and perhaps one might add "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the loss to literature would not have been appreciable, and the gain to Byron's reputation as a man of genius would have been incalculable. That is the pure and simple truth about Mr. Whibley's "greatest poet of his generation." However, having said that much as to my inability to accept Mr. Whibley's estimate of Byron as a poet, I should like to add that his preface is an able and indeed a brilliant contribution to Byronic literature, and that no lover of Byron should on any account miss reading it.

A. D.

ART AND FOOD

NONE of the great sculptors of the modern world—we are still *en pleine renaissance* be it remembered—was more fully inspired by the principles and teachings of the Greek masters than was Donatello. They taught him, as they have subsequently taught Rodin, the secret that Nature has to tell to those who consent to learn her language from her own lips, and to be the listening partner in any conversation which may be held with her. The Greek was a realist in the ideal. So was Donatello when he produced that marvellous statue of the youthful David, a marble reproduction of which is in the South Kensington Museum, in the corridor outside the refreshment rooms. The art of this great thing is as perfectly Greek, in the divinest sense, as the most classic work that has come down to us from antiquity. But the limbs of the youth, and particularly the slightly pendent belly, are those of an Italian peasant lad who has been nourished on macaroni. Donatello, as every great artist does,

utilised the lines which Nature placed before him unquestioningly and without any attempt at correction or idealisation, knowing them to be necessarily and unerringly beautiful, and harmonising them into the perfect statuesque whole with the help of a subtle application of geometric principles. The dietetic influences which gave the peculiar beauty to the lines were of his own time and of the country to which he belonged. Rodin followed precisely the same method, which is the only true one, in the elaboration of his magnificent statue of Balzac, whose "mountain belly and rocky face," to quote Ben Jonson's description of himself, lose, notwithstanding the dropsical origin of the one and the careworn inspiration of the other, all hint of the grotesque or of the misshapen in the harmonisation which the cunning artist has supplied to the original lines, creating therefrom a portrait and a monument which is at once a human figure of surpassing majesty and imposing strength, and a hill, a headland, enduring and cosmic as the genius which it commemorates and which gives it life, Nature's own limbs moulded by a volcano—Balzac and the *Comédie Humaine*. Compare the poor substitute for the masterpiece which an undiscerning public has caused to be erected to Balzac's memory in Paris, wherein Falguière, doubtless against his better judgment and knowledge, has sought to cover up what he held to be sculptural deficiencies and to extract personality from the artificial lines of an overwhelming dressing-gown and a monstrous pair of boots, thus burying Cæsar in lieu of giving to his praise its meed of undying music.

Throughout the whole of pictorial art, dietetic influences are traceable, and the study of them is valuable in fixing the mentality of the artist, and the characters of his environment. Among the Primitives we are often struck by the extreme thinness and ghastly pallor with which the human subject is invested. On systematic examination, however, of the pictures of this period, it will be found that the thin pale people are, in the vast majority of cases, either of the "villain" class, serfs, or beggars, or else personages, typical, historical, or legendary, of notoriously evil lives, and therefore under the ban of the Church, and properly held up to public reprobation. Very logically and wisely the teachers of the early Christian Church associated obedience to its laws with material prosperity. The good man thrived. The feudal lord who represented the rights of property and his paternal authority over his lieges which had something of a claim in it to divine right, was naturally stout and well dressed, and the ecclesiastical dignitaries were on at least an equal footing with him. From this and every other social and material aspect, the heaviness with which feudal institutions bore upon the lower classes kept them thin. But at least they had the satisfaction of gazing in their churches at the pictorial representations of divine personages, saints and holy men, arrayed in the gorgeous raiment, rich vestments and costly jewels which were at once the reward and symbol of their superior merit. It was rare in mediæval art for an ecclesiastic to be figured as an ascetic, or to look otherwise than happy and robust. The first ascetics were, pictorially speaking, produced in Spain, where food was, as it still is, a secondary consideration with all classes. In colder and less fertile climates the tendency to render corpulent the figures of saints, angels, and eminent Church dignitaries was frequently pushed to the extreme of grossness. Even Botticelli's virgins owe their slimness to their youthful quality, and it is a huge mistake to associate this painter, as has been frequently done by certain of his nineteenth-century admirers, with religio-ascetic conceptions, or to imagine for one moment that those tender girl-faces which gaze so ethereally from his pictures owe their fine outlines and delicate rose complexions to low diet and high thinking. It is only their look which is of air. All the Holy Families were plump. No one has ever conceived a fat Mephistopheles.

This moral attitude towards the question of food

instinct in all early pictorial art is well illustrated in a picture by Mostaert, belonging to the Brussels Museum. Here a well-furnished kitchen of the fifteenth century forms the background to a saintly well-dressed individual, evidently the butler, who, with upraised hands and on his knees, is praying fervently, while the cook-maid wipes a tear from her eye. The surroundings are rich and remarkable for the extreme cleanliness and polish of Flemish houses. Through a window, high up in the wall, can be seen a stout, handsomely apparelled personage advancing with outstretched hands through a brightly flowering garden to the front door, while behind him comes a serving-maid in scrupulously neat white coif and apron. His eager look is anticipatory of the succulent meal which is being prepared in the kitchen, and the whole scene breathes piety, prosperity, and propriety.

After the Renaissance, when religious subjects ceased to preoccupy the imagination of the painter to so great an extent as before, we find that style is henceforward largely to be affected by dietetic conditions. The beer-drinking habits of the Teutonic races were responsible for the splendid flesh modellings of Rubens and Jordaens, and it was the effort to give transparency to the sparkling complexions and life to the round limbs of the Flemish women, which led Rubens to the discovery of those secrets of technique which have been the despair of nearly every painter since his time. As culinary science gradually developed in Europe, and reached to its highest point of perfection in France, we note its manifold influence upon pictorial art. Boucher and Fragonard would have been impossible in an age where the best sort of food was not one of the first conditions of delicate living. In the charming forms of the shepherdesses, cupids and other cheerful personalities which crowd the pictures of those masterly eighteenth-century exponents of *l'art aimable*, forms which without any of the exaggeration common in Flemish art, are resplendent with health and well-being, all the *finesses* and elegant culture are reflected of that epoch previous to the Revolution, when as Talleyrand remarked with a sigh of regret, life was such a gentle thing. Gentleness and constant gentility become the leading characteristics of the art of the succeeding century. Honest roast beef beams appropriately from the features of many of Reynolds's sitters; the best brandy is not unfrequently aflame in their eyes. Then we have the "bread and butter misses" of Lawrence—*ces beautés de keepsake*—as Gautier dubbed them, ancestors to the tea and muffin maidens with whom our own Alma Tadema has so gracefully peopled his dreams of ancient Rome. Modern impressionism has undoubtedly derived much originality and strength, and even a special but real and precise vision of its own, from the inspiration of alcohol, to which Art and Literature have always owed so much, a subject upon which we may have something to say on a future occasion. The whole topic of the influence of food and drink upon Art in its many phases is in fact a vast one, and only the fringe of the question can be touched on here. Merely in connection with our own literature it may be borne in mind that Poetry in England slumbered for three centuries after the introduction of the potato.

ROWLAND STRONG.

THE POSTER AND THE PUBLIC

MODESTY is a quality which, in these latter days, is not too obtrusively evident. If it were possible to step from this whimsical planet into a similar world where modesty prevailed, the first things we should miss would be the poster-covered hoardings; then we should note the absence of the comparative and superlative degrees, for which there would be no further use outside the covers of grammar-books. Since none would dare or care to announce his commodity—soap, or gas-engines, for

instance—as better or best, but would merely mention bashfully that he had such excellent things as soap or gas-engines for sale, the questionably sweet uses of advertisement would be to a great extent gone. We should be allowed to purchase in peace the articles we preferred instead of those which jumped at us from our daily papers in swollen and art-less lettering. There would be fewer papers, and we might occasionally discover some interesting news. On our journeys pills and tonics would no longer rise gaunt from midsummer landscapes or snow-mantled meadows. Nature's palette has many colours, but none so harsh and stark as those man has compounded and thrown thus in her face. She shames them by her fields starred with buttercups and moon-daisies, her garths of wild blue hyacinths, her clustered foxglove spires, her stretches of pink heather on brown moors. Man, seeing these splendours, must hastily brace a few boards together, depict thereon an image of some marvellous cure-all, and place the gallows-like erection amid the flowers, that the other men passing in the train may see it and wonder, and, perchance, buy. In this new planet of diffidence railways would no more show us giant locomotives in an alarming perspective at every street-corner, but would blush—metaphorically—to have to admit that they "got there" more quickly than any other line, and their morals would improve. The study of secular apologetics would boom; courses of lectures would be taken in courtesy; the braggart would be sporadic instead of epidemic.

Since, however, we cannot take this leap into a world so coy and fair, it may be well to glance at the effect of these linguistic pyrotechnics on the manners of the present. Poster-language is a speech apart. It deals in frenzied superlatives, and, terse through exigencies of space, necessarily strains for effect. The town-dweller cannot escape from it. He is constantly reminded that something is "the best," whether it be fenders or leather-beds, coal or claret. If he be an educated person, he has an armour which mercifully preserves him in a state of non-appreciation; if not, he reads and re-reads as he waits for tram or train, and his sense of balance and proportion is warped. His daily snips of news must be "racy"—too often a euphemism for "exaggerated"—or he will throw his paper down with disgust, complaining that there is nothing in it. His stories, if he reads stories, must be seasoned until the adjectival mustard is half the meal. (Some modern novelists write the poster-language purposely for him, and write it remarkably well.) The posters are generally illustrated, in hues that almost throw a shadow; executed, one would imagine, in twenty slaps from a full brush, bringing to mind sometimes the ubiquitous *Vesuvius in Eruption* of village best-parlours, sometimes a badly-arranged sunset. What chance is there, after a few years of incessant eye-contact with such cardinal sins—from which are honourably excepted many railway and steamship posters—that the poor fellow shall have any idea of art at all? Two men the other day were contemplating a creditable reproduction of the famous *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* displayed in a shop-window. "It may be all right for them as knows," remarked one, "but I can't see much in it myself." Remembering the proverb of doctors who disagree, it is perhaps hardly fair to complain of them for want of appreciation in this particular instance, but the principle remains the same. To which picture is the crowd attracted in the galleries? To the one with the most flamboyant colouring; and the universal commendation is "lovely." The crowd "can't see much" in harmonies of grey and green; its eyesight is spoiled; the world beautiful is barred off by a ten-foot hoarding covered with violent purple and pink and blue, with a border of poppies and sunflowers. The violet as an emblem is not good; we should set up and worship a sunflower. Real, blatant brag is all round us in the business as well as the social relations of life; it shows in our clothes, although the young man in search

of a wife, who crowds on all sail in order that the "not impossible she" may discern what a fine fellow he is, is not necessarily immodest. The male bird struts his little circle, full-feathered and trim, to eclipse the charms of his rivals and win the tricky beauty on the next bough but one. It is merely one of the world's necessities, virility flowing into a certain channel, restrained, sometimes, in the human instance, by common sense. In other matters, delicacy becomes incompetence; bombast is the admirable accomplishment. The baser things of this world are impressed on the mind of the passer-by; to catch his custom each new effort in poster-design or poster-speech must flame or shout more strenuously than the last. On the pier of a certain seaside-town, an advertisement of tobacco in huge black letters on a yellow ground appears several times, mounted so that from whichever direction the onlooker approaches he must see it. A sunny day, with the blue sea for background, renders the effect disastrous; the eye, endeavouring to take in the superb view of hills and ocean beyond, cannot cancel those disfiguring slabs of yellow; they insist upon their place in the scheme of things, which is precisely what the advertiser wanted. Similar instances will occur to any reader.

Where is the censor of advertisements? If the days of the old painted sign-boards are past for ever, has our good taste gone with them? We line our omnibuses with untidy, sprawling letters; we plaster bills upon every available blank space, and cover our underground stations with such a nightmare of enamelled plates and "pictures" that it is a wonder how our visitors, who do not possess the Londoner's sixth sense of knowing at which station he is, ever alight at their correct destinations at all. And every glance at that heterogeneous mess is a reminder that nowadays modesty does not pay; we are in a hurry—about what? Those who would tread quiet byways "to be rich in sunny hours and summer days—wealth to be spent lavishly," as Thoreau has it, will find few to accompany them. That shameful, brazen "get on, or get out," holds the field.

The question is whether it is not better to get out.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE CULT OF GAELIC

"MUSHA now, an' what would we be doin' learnin' the Gaelic, when, let alone meself, it'd take Saint Pether an' Saint Paul to feed them ould hins?" This question, put to me by a typical Irish peasant, must have occurred to a large number of the five thousand who were present at a *feis** held in a certain county town in the South of Ireland a week or so ago. On the opening page of the programme of the *feis* to which I refer occurred the following paragraph:

A glance through the following pages will afford unmistakeable evidence of the steady growth of the movement for which the Gaelic League works. The number of entries in every department shows a very large increase on last year's *Feis*. We are glad to see that this is especially the case in the Language Competitions. But whilst there is reason for congratulations in this respect, we regret to have to point out that many schools are inexplicably absent from our lists. A perusal of the programme will supply the information as to what schools are doing their duty, and the public who support the schools have a right to ask for an explanation, and the right to demand an answer. At any rate whatever excuse there may have been for the past there can be none for the coming year, for there is now a large sum of money to be earned by each school in the teaching of Irish. It is the unquestioned birthright of Irish children to be taught their native language, and it is the duty of parents to see that their children be brought up as Irish children, and not as aliens—in ignorance of their own language and history, and indifferent to their natural heritage.

Later on, when America has placed her purse more unreservedly in the hands of Dr. Douglas Hyde, there

*At the outset, it may be as well to explain that a *feis* is nothing more or less than an ordinary *fete*, with the addition of examination in Gaelic (and awards of silver watches to peasant children) and speeches in the same language—which about 1 per cent. of the audience understands.

will, doubtless, be a Gaelic University. In the meantime, one would like to ask, who has robbed these Irish children of their birthright? Has it been perfidious Albion, or has it been economic necessity? To those who know anything of Gaelic but one answer is possible. The reference to "aliens" is entertaining when one reflects that the stigma is thus applied to practically every Irishman, since something under one per cent. of the population understands the language. How ignorance of Gaelic implies ignorance of Irish history we do not know. Words flow more swiftly from an orator's heart than from his head, and the Irish are essentially an oratorical race. The statement that carries with it not only another injustice to Ireland but a grave national menace is that contained in the penultimate sentence. There are in Ireland far more schoolmasters than are necessary; they are, as a body, more inefficient than their fellows in England, Scotland, or Wales, and they are certainly worse paid. To offer them, as the Gaelic League and its offshoots are offering them, bribes for their pupils' proficiency in a dead and useless language is to ensure a vast amount of valuable time—time which should be spent in teaching subjects of economic importance—being frittered away. For every hour which would ordinarily be given to English composition, or arithmetic, or other practical subject, four must necessarily be spent to attain proficiency in Gaelic. It is, without exception, the most difficult of all languages to acquire, and there is not at this moment either a respectably trustworthy grammar or a respectably adequate dictionary in existence. And yet from the people who purpose—and in many instances have accomplished—this waste of ratepayers' money we have to endure cant about "duty," and "birthright," and so forth!

The Gaelic League has already much to answer for. Everywhere, save in remote districts in the north, there are outward and visible signs of the study of Gaelic. In large villages and towns in the south something amounting to a revolution has taken place during the last few years in the appearance of the shop-fronts; the street corners have been decorated with green plates bearing the name of the street in Gaelic characters, with a kindly translation for the enlightenment of the dear, delightful Irish, robbed of their birthright by the iniquitous Englishman; and Bumbledom struts about in all the glory of green plush breeches—without a shillelagh. The shillelagh will come to its own, no doubt, with the coming of Home Rule or the Coquecigrues, when perfidious Albion has been banished from Hibernia and the thatch of a certain quaint mud cabin near the wilds of Tipperary has been burnt over its owner's head. In the meantime it flourishes only in the hedgerows, and every Irish peasant—differing in this from the peasantry of my own country—is a model of politeness to the stranger within his gates. It is this aspect of Ireland which the cult of Gaelic will alter most. It has been denied, and it will continue to be denied, that politics enter into the programme of the Gaelic League, but the fact remains that the few eminent scholars at the head of it, who love the language for its own sake, have become mere tools in the hands of men whose primary object is separation. Readers will object that politics do not concern the ACADEMY. I would reply that human welfare does. When, if ever, Gaelic takes the place of English as the language of the Irish people, Ireland will be cut off from intercourse with England, whence only can her salvation come, and she will be cut off from every nation under the sun. I do not suggest that such a state of things is likely to come to pass; I do suggest that if it did the Irish, as a nation, would cease to exist.

I have been told by members and enthusiastic supporters of the Gaelic League that its primary object is to give to the world the vast literature which sprung up in Ireland at a time when the literary activities were dormant. I emphatically deny that any such literature exists. That the language—within limits—is a beautiful and poetic one everybody who has heard it spoken by cultured Irish-speaking people will admit. The claim that the few old

legends of Cuchulain and others which exist are entitled to be called literature may be dismissed as ridiculous. If such a literature did exist it would be as practicable to make the Irish peasant classes familiar with it, and at the same time to teach them the things that they ought to be taught as it would be to make the English peasant classes familiar with the literature of ancient Greece and at the same time to teach them the things that they ought to be taught.

A. J. S.

FICTION

The Way of War. By HEW SCOT. (Long, 6s.)

WE do not know why this book has been written or published—unless to gratify a young man's vanity. It recounts, as many other novels have done, the invasion of Britain by Germany. No doubt Mr. Hew Scot is very much concerned about the iniquities of the present Government and the insolence of the Kaiser and the pretensions of the German people and the strength of the German navy in comparison with our own; and no doubt he thinks that he is the very person to awaken England to her responsibilities, and that the Admiralty (or is it the Board of Trade or the L.C.C.?) should be duly grateful and present him with the command of a vessel in return for his services, as they did the hero of this book, who, we fancy, can be none other than Mr. Hew Scot in naval uniform. We can assure our author that half a dozen halfpenny papers have been just as perturbed as he is, and that more than half a dozen novelists have dealt with the question that he deals with. His book is very crude and harmless, and his descriptions of sea-life and sea-fighting will cause no one to express decided preference for the sea before the land or for the land before the sea. They are as colourless and as tedious as the characters themselves.

Sir Elyot of the Woods. By EMMA BROOKE. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MISS BROOKE has a fluent pen and a fine sense of the value of words: qualities which are too apt to degenerate into volubility and pedantry. If the whole book did but carry out the promise to be seen in the opening pages it would be a remarkable and interesting production: as it is, it contains some unusually good work. Miss Brooke has put her best into the first chapter. It is a very delicate character-study, and the incident on which it hinges, and which amounts to a small tragedy in its way, is treated with the greatest sympathy and restraint. The cramped life in the little West Kensington home is brought vividly before our eyes, and we regret that we are not allowed to see more of its principal inmate, Mrs. Everson, who, though one of the finest characters in the book, falls into comparative obscurity after the first fifty pages.

The Enlightenment of Olivia. By L. B. WALFORD. (Longmans, 6s.)

THERE is a sterling quality about Mrs. Walford's books. Out of the long list of novels which appear under her name, it would be difficult to point to one in which any attempt has been made to dazzle the reader with cheap or meretricious work. They may not be brilliant, but they are certainly convincing, and it is enough to see Mrs. Walford's name upon the title-page to know that here is a book which at least will not offend through lack of taste or carelessness of style. Add to this the power of telling a straightforward story, in which very ordinary people lead quite everyday lives, in a manner which is neither dull nor commonplace, and it is easy to see why these novels have held an established place for some time past on so many library shelves. It is this straightforward element which lends a charm to all Mrs. Walford's work. There is never anything complex about either her plots or her characters, but she tells her tale simply in good plain English and, as a result, her books are eminently readable. "The

Enlightenment of Olivia" is no exception to this rule: there is no attempt at a deep psychological study, but the character of Olivia, with her wayward charm and spoilt-child's fancies is drawn with a delicate, firm touch and shows a keen insight into human nature. She and her husband are a very lovable and human couple.

In Search of Jehanne. By AVIS HEKKING. (Long, 6s.)

JUDGING by editions, historical romance is the favourite mental pabulum of the novel-reading (and therefore, to a large extent, unintelligent) public of to-day, and historical romance of the approved kind Avis Hekking supplies. To readers of the ACADEMY who are not subscribers to Mudie's it may appear strange and almost incredible that romance, historical or other, should be dull; but it is an undeniable fact that dullness, relieved here and there by a little inaccurately described sword-play, has been, with a few notable exceptions, the distinguishing characteristic of all written romance for the last few decades. "In Search of Jehanne" is, if anything, duller than its million of dull forerunners. There is not in it a spark of originality or a touch of wit or pathos to raise it from the level of the commonplace. At intervals there are good openings for original work, but the author shirks them and meanders on listlessly. The characters are sketchy, and not one of the four or five central figures arouses our interest, arrests our attention, or commands our admiration. They are, indeed, men and women of straw and rags: they would never, we feel sure, drive from the orchard a starling bent on robbery. Similarly, the fault of the book as a whole consists not so much in a multitude of defects as in a lack of merit. It is futile to drag last year's scarecrows from the cart-shed.

The Three Comrades. By GUSTAV FRENSSEN. (Constable, 6s.)

THERE is an indescribable atmosphere about Gustav Frenssen's work. The forceful vividness, the breeziness, and the simple strength, which were evident in "Jörn Uhl" and "Holyland," are even more noticeable in "The Three Comrades." One shuts up the book to say involuntarily: "this is life." The author indulges in no tricks of style or superfluous graces, he shuns anything approaching to sentimentality, and his characters act and speak as do men and women. In Heim Heiderieter, Andreas Strandiger, and his cousin Franz, we are given three masculine characters contrasted with a skill that is as rare as it is restrained. In Maria and Ingeborg Landt, Eva Walt, and Lena Strandiger, we have the whole of complex womanhood, its gentleness and meekness, its grace and nobility, its constancy and its wanton triviality. Life on the shores of the North Sea is portrayed with an art that is finished and convincing. Along the verge of the desolate "Watt," existence itself is a grim struggle, and it is as the struggle of human life. Only patience, a set purpose, a stout heart and a noble soul, may combine to conquer the North Sea, as they alone will serve to wrest the crown of life from the hands of destiny. "The Three Comrades" aims high; it seeks to inculcate a moral, the moral of man's existence. To say that its author has succeeded in his object is the highest praise one can give him. Here is strength with simplicity, tenderness with sincerity, and art without affectation. Our best thanks are due to Herr Gustav Frenssen for his book, and we wish him the success for it that is its due.

A Noble Fool. By FLORENCE EVERARD. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)

"A PEDESTAL lamp, the only modern article of furniture in the great, gaunt room. . . ." These are the opening words of this most fantastic novel. Later we find that this same pedestal lamp is the only normal or at all natural object in the story. By "the wide and empty hearth," beneath an old carved mantel that rears itself to the ceiling, a man is sitting with bent head, a violin lying across his knees. He has "a fine head and deep-set, melancholy eyes." Under the faded brocaded hangings

of a carved, oaken bedstead, lies a dying woman, "her amber eyes shining with a lambent fire from beneath their heavy white lids." Her romantic name is Lenore and her behaviour is in keeping with her surroundings. "Play," she commands the melancholy-eyed one; "give me something devilish. Let me hear the clangour of hell, the tramp of its armies!" and, being an obedient youth, he plays and "strange, soul-rending, awful melodies fill the room with demoniacal grandeur." Later this is alluded to as "a weird scene"; it is unusual enough for us to feel very little surprise when the lady addresses her daughter as "You puling baby!" Then she curses everybody heartily and indiscriminately and suddenly dies. When we say that the daughter is the worthy descendant of such a mother and that the first chapter is a very fair sample of the author's style throughout, we have said all there is to say of so remarkable an effusion.

The Woman Friend and the Wife. By ETHEL HILL. (Greening, 6s.)

MISS HILL is a young writer. This is obviously her first book and as such we wish to treat it with all due kindness. In construction it shows a certain aptitude for laying out a story, capable, possibly, of development into complete mastery over plot and incident. Miss Hill has a large vocabulary and it leads her into a florid rather than a fine use of words. We wish too, that she had relied less upon the stock figures of fiction and had written of the people and phases of life that she knows at first hand.

FINE ART

WATER-COLOURS AND PORTRAITS AT THE ALPINE CLUB

THE astounding performances at Burlington House have wrought such confusion in the language of criticism that few artists worthy of the name would feel flattered at the styling of their art as academic. Degraded by popular and wrongful use the term has come to convey the typical "pot-boiler" of the summer exhibition instead of, as it should, a work showing the artist's adherence to the traditions of colour, drawing, and composition bequeathed by the great masters. Nowhere is it more difficult to find truly academic art than on the walls of the Royal Academy, whose loftiest tradition is not that of Raphael or Michael Angelo but of Overbeck and Cornelius. What relation have the pictures of Messrs. MacWhirter and Farquharson, for example, with the traditions of the great landscape painters of the past? These in truth are hideously original; they are like nothing to be seen in the national galleries of Europe; they are the development of nothing save of the photograph and the mid-Victorian Christmas card.

It is to the so-called "independent" painters of the day that we have to turn to, to find that academism, that dependence on the old masters, which is the beginning of all excellence in the fine arts. Thus it comes about that there is far less true academism at Burlington House than at the New English Art Club, whose "newness" is very generally understood, whose members as a rule are inspired by traditions much older than those in vogue at the longer established institution. These traditions are not difficult to trace in the club's periodical exhibitions, and they become more clearly manifest when a member puts himself to the test of a retrospective exhibition of his works. Mr. Roger Fry, who in company with another New English exhibitor, the Hon. Neville Lytton, is showing a collection of his works at the Alpine Club, is an admirable example of the academism of Dering Yard. For many years Mr. Fry has been a valuable contributor to the now famous water-colour wall, a wall which has been likened to the House of Lords because of its occupants:

it must be admitted that if they do nothing in particular they do it very well. This grudging tribute hardly does justice to the real worth of the exhibits of Mr. Fry and his colleagues, though on the other hand it does gracefully acknowledge the aristocracy of their art. Mr. Fry in particular can trace a long and honourable artistic descent, and though his art appears the very opposite to that of the late H. B. Brabazon, he is the latter's own brother. The father of both is Turner, and we can see their birth certificates any day at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. But there is this quaint difference between them, that whereas Brabazon was the darling of Turner's old age, Mr. Fry is the child of his youth. To perceive the relationship we have only to visit the first water-colour room at South Kensington, the second that of the Ionides Collection, and study there the early Turners, especially *St. Albans Abbey*, as like a Fry as Mr. Fry could wish. Here we shall find more of Mr. Fry's relations. I do not think he would disown Prout, he would surely have a word to say for Pyne and George Chinnery, he might even trace a collateral if not direct descent from that eighteenth-century worthy, Samuel Hieronymus Grimm. If Mr. Fry's colour was a little fuller, his drawing a little looser, his affinity with Girtin and Rowlandson would be more obvious. But since he takes after their less readily perceived characteristics, the refined draughtsmanship of Girtin, the delicate colouring of Rowlandson, his cousinship appears more distant than it really is.

Mr. Fry may be proud of his lineage, for if we took our notions of contemporary British art from the Royal Academy and Institute exhibitions, we should have reason to fear that the good old family of painters in water-colours was fast dying out. Weary sights are the majority of water-colour exhibitions, where vulgar parvenus upstart, photographic bastards, and half-breeds whose blood is darkened by alien intercourse. It is heartening to turn from these to such honest, scholarly work as Mr. Fry's. It is not "modern," it is so far from sensational that its quiet charm is apt to get overlooked in a mixed exhibition. Mr. Fry surveys nature and architecture dispassionately, in a calm grey light. He records his clear vision with gentle austerity, marshalling his masses, bounding them by outlines simplified and free, and heightening the careful drawing with transparent washes of delicate colour. His are water-colour drawings, not paintings; the colour is an accessory, a graceful afterthought, and not, as with Brabazon or Melville, the basis of his fabric. They are not for this reason the less beautiful, but they seem a little old-fashioned, because painting is always younger than drawing. In his rarer oil paintings, a few of which are also shown at the Alpine Club, Mr. Fry is equally scholarly, almost equally national. There is just a hint of Böcklin in *The Cistercian at Fivoli*, but oil is a more cosmopolitan medium, and in *Cowdray* again Mr. Fry is intensely national, recalling T. Barker or Bath at his best. And it is just because Mr. Fry's painting possesses so many admirable qualities, and is withal so purely drawn from British sources, that one regrets his time should be filled with so many other activities. It is not pleasant to reflect that owing to his appointment as Curator of pictures to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Mr. Fry must henceforth spend his energies more in the subtraction from than in the addition to our national art treasures.

Mr. Neville Lytton, who makes his *début*, as it were, under the protecting wing of Mr. Fry, is not quite a newcomer to the world of exhibitions. His water-colours have been seen before at the New English and the Carfax Gallery, where they attracted a good deal of attention by reason of their purity and refinement. Mr. Lytton has this much in common with Mr. Fry that he belongs to the same artistic family, his inspiration—in water-colour—is purely British, and he too is first and foremost a refined draughtsman. Even in his water-colours, however, he shows a wider range, and there are signs, such as the *View of Knebworth House* (51), with its strong contrast of

sunlight and shadow, and *Crook Horn* (42), with its lightly handled reflections in water, that the artist is growing beyond the tinted drawing, and is approaching water-colour painting *via De Wint*. All the Knebworth drawings are good, especially *The Church* (26), with its straightforward simplification of big masses, but although it is in this medium that Mr. Lytton has as yet achieved his most complete success, the feature of his exhibition at the Alpine Club is a round score of portraits in oils. For these we are prepared by a number of figure-studies and drawings which prove the artist to have set about the business in workmanlike fashion. The *Study for the full-length Portrait of Miss Napier* (13) is a well-conceived arrangement in Gainsborough style, which has been successfully carried out in oils without losing the vivacity of the preliminary study. Some of the larger portraits are less successful, but they are never commonplace. The rendering of the lace is a meritorious passage in the *Portrait of Hon. Mrs. Lytton* (93), there is considerable charm and a feeling for decorative arrangement in the *Portrait of Countess of Lytton* (99), though it is a little heavily handled; and the daring joke of portraying Mr. Bernard Shaw arrayed as *Innocent X.* (107) is carried off with a verve that makes one forget the sitter and remember the original. As often happens, the *Portrait of the Artist* (101) is one of the best exhibits, perhaps because no other model is so patient with the painter, but the collection as a whole is full of promise and not lacking in definitive achievement.

F. R.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "NEW THEOLOGY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Lady Grove confesses to being the beautiful-diabolical lady who incarnated the deadly sin of Pride, and scorned the god who contrived so vulgar a makeshift as this world, and contrived it so clumsily even at that. The confession leaves me nothing to withdraw: the situation remains unaltered. Lady Grove will not worship the god who made me, because I am a blunderer; because my brain cannot grasp the universe nor my hand trace one perfect line; because even those noblest achievements and highest and purest emotions which she admits to be divine manifestations are hampered in my case with daily necessities of the most undignified and unrepresentable kind, and with modes of physical expression so ludicrous that I shrink from penning even this discreet allusion to them. "I would not even know, much less worship, his poor mediocre second-rate little god," she says. Worship him she need not: know him she must; for the facts are the facts. Blake, contemplating the tiger, exclaimed, "Did He who made the lamb, make thee?"; and I have no doubt that he would have said the same had he been comparing me with Lady Grove. But Blake knew that the answer must be Yes; and I flatter myself that Lady Grove and I were fashioned by the same hand, only, as I came first, the hand improved with practice. I will even go so far as to include in the family "the blundering footman and the performing poodle."

(By the way, do footmen ever blunder? They seem to me to be the only people who never do—doubtless because their credit and livelihood depend on their infallibility in their own orbit. And why should a performing poodle be apologised for? Apologise, if you will, for those who are so blind to the charm of their friendly natural ways as to teach them silly human tricks; but the only apology which concerns the poodle is the apology due to itself. You see what Lady Grove's theology leads to! insults to footmen and injustice to poodles. As if there were not generals and bishops and judges to serve as examples of blundering, and amateurs of all the arts to reproach for inept performances!).

I was taught the creed of Lady Grove's theology by an Irish servant when I was a little child. It ran this way:

God made man; and man made money.
God made bees; and bees made honey.
God made Satan; and Satan made sin;
And God made hell to put Satan in.

This disposes of the problem of evil in a very lucid manner, to the satisfaction, apparently, of Irish servants and English

ladies; but I have grown out of it, somehow, and find myself inspired to reduce its four whitewashed and blackwashed gods to one classically grey one.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

TENNYSON, OR ANOTHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A serious student of English poetry cannot but express a certain surprise at the appearance in the columns of the ACADEMY of the ridiculous estimate of the relative positions of Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne and Rossetti. Prophecy is at best a harmless form of amusement, and this type of prophecy is certainly as null as any other. But one cannot help a quail of indignation in hearing that Browning was the master-mind of his age, that Rossetti came next with "many of the lines of his surpassing sonnets far above Tennyson's music"—has Miss Talbot ever heard of "The Lotos-Eaters"?—and that Swinburne comes after, leaving Tennyson apparently fourth in the sequence, although the writer is not definite upon this point. The sequence is equalled by the writer's remarkable dictum that "the first essential of poetry is music; meaning has only a secondary rank," and that in true poetry "the meaning is entirely subordinated to the music." True, the writer qualifies herself immediately by adding that the elements of permanency are something beyond mere music, and to prove her point classes Browning with his intolerable cacophonies and meaningless tortuousnesses, at the head of her hierarchy. Browning was a great mind, a penetrating thinker who rarely "beat his music out," and it is not dogmatic to say that two hundred duodecimo pages will contain all of his work that will receive the approval of readers half a century hence. Rossetti never was and never can be more than a fine minor poet, and if Miss Talbot's rhapsody is almost justified by his "House of Life," he dealt with few of the great permanent human ideals. Swinburne, again, with his rolling metres, his rapid lyrical expression, his wonderful spontaneity is, like Shelley, for ever discounted by his lack of subject-matter; he is another "beautiful ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." Even his "Ave Atque Vale," incomparably his finest work, and one in which I personally delight, is a miracle of music and nothing more. The truth is that Miss Talbot's whole proposition is wrong. Voltaire pointed out that no race had dealt so finely in poetry in moral ideas as our own; and all great poetry is the expression of moral ideas, but moral ideas, be it remarked, expressed in music. This at once carries Browning to a lower plane than Tennyson; great as is his moral altitude, he has written scarcely one perfect poem, scarcely one lyric which is not marred by crowded consonants, hissing sibilants, false or forced quantities. And surely no one imagines that the moral ideas in Rossetti or Swinburne can be named in the same breath as those of Tennyson. Miss Talbot again comes to grief when she imagines that Browning mirrored the universal mind of man, by which, of course, she means to imply that the universal mind of man is for ever engaged in subtle speculations, while the average mind of man—which may also be called the universal mind—is too ordinary for poetic greatness. This totally disregards the functions of the great poet, who is not to be an intellectual discoverer but a faithful interpreter, and in the whole roll of our poets none was a more perfect mirror of the cultured thought of his age—the thought of Tyndall, Martineau, Argyle—than Tennyson. Compared with "In Memoriam" every work of every poet of the nineteenth century was to a certain extent narrow. Certainly Swinburne's lines of Serapis are fine; whether they are finer than the lines quoted from "The Dream of Fair Women" is questionable; I think mere lyricism apart they are incomparably poorer, lacking the images and beautifully chiselled metaphors Tennyson works into his verses.

To return for a moment to Miss Talbot's demand for music in verse rather than subject-matter. Whenever a great poetry has arisen it has had great subject-matter to work upon—a national or intellectual revolution of renaissance. It is the sign of the want of such subject-matter—a dearth of moral ideas—that brings about an age of lyrics, small trifles exquisitely worked, largely purposeless. We are in such an age now, when the old ideals have fallen, and the great ideals of science and modern thought are not yet sufficiently concrete for poetic purposes. Hence, the type of mind flourishes which prefers the rhapsodies of Swinburne to the beautiful philosophic art of Tennyson. To follow Miss Talbot's argument to its natural conclusion Scott were a greater—because more musical—poet than Wordsworth, and Shelley were greater than either, an absurd result. The argument is one that appeals to the modern composer who regards music as the

essential of a song, and the lyric, the very soul of the piece which his music is meant merely to interpret, as of small consequence.

One might pursue the matter much further, and quote lines from "Ulysses," from the lovely songs in "The Princess," from "In Memoriam," in fact from many of Tennyson's poems, which are the perfection of musical expression, which as poems are more complete than anything either of the three other poets mentioned ever penned, and which at the same time, as expressing profound moral ideas, are on an altitude to which these other poets do not even approximate. It is a modern hypocrisy to despise Tennyson, a natural reaction from the overpraise he received in the fifties, but it is a mere phase in the progress of his fame.

W. C. BERWICK SAYERS,

July 5.

[Mr. Sayers is scarcely polite in describing Miss Talbot's estimate of the relative positions of Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, and Swinburne as "ridiculous." All criticism of and appreciation for poetry ultimately comes to a question of personal opinion, and we leave it to our readers to decide whether it is more "ridiculous" to venture to think as Miss Talbot does, and as we do, that Swinburne is a greater poet than Tennyson, than it is to describe Rossetti as a minor poet! We must protest too against Mr. Sayers's grotesque statement that "the natural conclusion" of Miss Talbot's argument would be to place Scott before Shelley and Wordsworth. It would be nothing of the kind, and the fact that Mr. Sayers thinks so betrays woeful confusion of thought. Publication of an article in the ACADEMY does not necessarily imply that we are in absolute agreement with everything that the writer of the article says. We do not, for example, agree with Miss Talbot in the position she gives to Browning. We do not, however, consider ourselves infallible, and those who have ideas and can express them finely will always be entitled to our favourable consideration, whether or not we are in exact agreement with them.—ED.]

"SCHOOLS OF HELLAS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your kindly and discriminating notice of the late K. J. Freeman's "Schools of Hellas" last week, I was surprised to read that "much has been written about the education of the Greek youth in classical times, and there is not in this book very much that has not been said before."

Bearing in mind the exhaustive treatment which most classical subjects have received at the hands of modern scholars, and the voluminous literature, English, American and German, which exists on educational history, it seems to me that the bibliography of Greek education is remarkably small. So far as I know there is no book in English which attempts to cover the ground except Dr. Mahaffy's little book published twenty-four years ago. There are, of course, chapters in larger works and essays (such as Nettleship's in "Hellenica") and the usual immense German disquisition; but it would be interesting to know whether your reviewer can point to any book in English, or, indeed, in any other language, which contains a fairly complete account of the educational systems which enabled Greece to become, in the prophetic words of Pericles, the teacher of all the world.

X.

"NEW LIGHT ON QUEEN MARY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a letter on this subject in the *Athenæum* * Mr. Lang introduces my name as the author of an article on the supposed "unpublished" letter by Randolph to Sidney, throwing "new light on Queen Mary," although the light apparently is only reflected from Miss Strickland's *Life of the unfortunate Queen*.

My article in the *Scottish Review* of November 30, 1905, to which he refers, was on "John Knox," and I only quoted several passages from the Randolph letter as incidental to my story, such as his eulogy on Mary's beauty, his criticism of Darnley, "the young lusty, long lord," and his remark that "there is no trusting to the constancy of woman," the best points in the letter. A number of others were cut out by the editor for lack of space. I had only half a page assigned to me; while Mr. Lang in *Blackwood* has eleven pages allotted to him for discussion of the subject, but I think that, in less space, Miss Strickland excels him.

* Mr. Stronach informs us that this letter in reply to Mr. Andrew Lang was sent to the *Athenæum*, which refused to insert it.—ED.

At the end of his letter Mr. Lang says that my article "contained nothing about the unhappy love affair of Mary Fleming, and the strange diplomatic situation, oddly complicated by a pocket-handkerchief of Queen Elizabeth." The Mary Fleming "affair" was one of the passages excised by my stringent editor; but the principal item of interest to me in the letter was a sentence, the only one put in italics by Mr. Lang, that "John Knox is less bitter in his preaching since his marriage to a young wife." This I gave, as it concerned my subject.

I am afraid, however, that Mr. Lang has got rather "complicated" himself over the "handkerchief" incident. I did not mention it for a very good reason—that there is no reference to the incident in the letter of Randolph to Sidney of March 31, 1565—the letter I was quoting from and describing in the *Scottish Review*.

In a letter of the same date from Randolph to Throckmorton in Paris, we read: "My Lord Robert [created Earl of Leicester in 1564] beinge verie hotte and swetinge tooke the queenes napkyn owte of her hande and wyped hys face."

If this is the incident referred to by Mr. Lang, it certainly throws no "new light" on Mary, Elizabeth, or Leicester, as the letter in which it is described was printed by Bain in 1900, in the second volume of the "Scottish State Papers," page 140. So there was no occasion for me to revive a story which did not appear in my Randolph letter, and which was, or ought to have been, familiar to any historical student of even ordinary mental calibre.

In his *Blackwood* article Mr. Lang gives the date of the letter as "31st March, 1564-5." There may have been a 31st March "1564" and a 31st March "1565," but there certainly never was a 31st March "1564-5." When New Year's Day was shifted back from 25th March to 1st January in 1752, all the days from 1st January to 24th March in previous history are dated by the double year, and all on after 25th March by the single year, so that the proper date of Randolph's letter is 31st March, 1565. In this I am simply taking the method adopted in the calendaring of State papers by Bain and others.

The date, however, is a matter of small importance in comparison with the extraordinary fact that the publication of the letter by Miss Strickland was unknown to Mr. Lang and his "Mariologists." As Mr. Lang says: "It is not safe to overlook Miss Strickland." It is not. Miss Strickland was an indefatigable worker in both domains of English and Scottish history—she waded through all the manuscripts in the Public Record Office, the Register House, the Advocates' Library, etc., nearly all of them now accessible to modern historians in print. Her footnote references to manuscripts prove this indisputably. I am led to believe that Miss Strickland's great "find" of the Randolph letter was attributable to her friendship with Hill Burton, who gave her invaluable assistance from the treasures in the Advocates' Library, with which he was well acquainted, in the composition of her "Lives of the Queens of Scotland." Mr. Lang is a good flouter of the historians who go to "Calendars" for their information nowadays. When Miss Strickland wrote—her "Lives of the Queens of Scotland" are dated 1850-9—she had to go to the fountain-head, manuscripts, not calendars, and she emerged from the mill in a very satisfactory condition.

Her Life of Mary—in a shilling or sixpenny edition—is badly wanted; and the copyright has expired! What an opportunity for an enterprising "pirate publisher." I shall be glad to "edit" it gratis, as the work will be a sinecure.

GEORGE STRONACH.

"THE GOVERNANCE OF LONDON"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sure your reviewer, even with his obvious bias, does not wish to do me an injustice. In the review of my "Governance of London," you print a passage as if it were a quotation from the book. The passage in question is the third of the quotation extracts beginning with the words "her dishonoured charters" and ending with the words "to reestablish." This false quotation not only makes me say something I have not said, and which, not being in agreement with my views, I never could have said, but it is made the basis of opinions which your reviewer goes on to attribute to me. It is also made the basis of his own opinion that my book was written with a polemical object.

There are several standards of reviewing in this country, but it is hard upon historical students that the ACADEMY should descend to this level. The whole of my book is historical and I gladly accept your reviewer's estimate that it practically works out the evolution of London—a title I should have liked to have used were it not for the fact that

the word evolution is so constantly misused in literature as to cause its use to be of questionable advantage. If your reviewer is capable of correcting his personal bias I am sure he will find that there is no fact or conclusion in my book which is not supported by scientific evidence. It is indeed a disastrous commentary upon the labours of an historical student to find them so badly mishandled in a literary journal.

LAURENCE GOMME.

[Mr. Gomme has not taken the trouble to understand the review. The quotation referred to represents exactly his views as summarised from pages 394-5. The passage was not intended to be printed as a literal quotation. This is the sum of what Mr. Gomme has to complain of. The reviewer had no bias except towards agreement with Mr. Gomme; but in a case of this kind it is absurd to claim that theories held in opposition to other historians, Stubbs and others, are established with scientific precision. Mr. Gomme would have been well advised if he had given the matter a little more reflection before making reckless charges on such very slender foundation.—Ed.]

HABERDASHERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The suggestion that *haberdasher*, which occurs in 1311, is "a corruption" of *sabretacherie*, is a very poor joke, of which the author ought to be heartily ashamed. The word *sabretache* is not known earlier than 1812 (see Hatzfeld); and the ridiculous derivative *sabretacherie* is no older than July 3, 1907.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

A SPECIAL COURT FOR MINOR POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The real poet *par excellence* is a child, a Peter Pan who has never grown up. A minor poet is a person in whom the child-like still persists. The versifier is a protective mimic with a feminine itch for proving his claims to an eternal juvenility, but even his feet at rare intervals may catch the beat of the true music.

Nowadays we have special courts for children, with special procedure and a more lenient administration. Why not special courts in our literary Areopagus for the minor poet, who is really "a minor" in more senses than one? At present, as you have shown, with the exception of the *Times* Literary Supplement (an addendum which I think is often better than the whole number) the "would-be" poet is judged by a specially rigorous code savouring of Judge Lynch or the trial of St. Stephen. No doubt the Horatian dictum is largely responsible for the form of "poetic justice." But surely in the scale of rewards and punishments there should be some mean between the column and the brickbat. You yourself recognise that such are methods of barbarism, yet the judicature you propose (the brutal truth) is, I venture to think, still too rhadamanthine in comparison with the canons of criticism applied to other branches of literature. The truth, sir, is as bad as Nature without art, and the truth is worse than Seldom's Venus. Besides there are *des circonstances atténuantes*. When all is said and done, the average minor poet (so long as his poetry is not an absolutely minus quality) turns out from the library standpoint much better stuff than the ordinary novel-writer. I put it to you, sir, on which diet would you sooner sicken, were you compelled for pecuniary or penitential reasons to read and review weekly, a dozen books of verse or a similar number of novels, both batches to be chosen at random? The last paragraph of your brilliant, if somewhat merciless, review practically gives the answer I should desire, where you liken the reading of new poetry to the search for hidden treasure. Yes, there are diamonds to be found, though the number of carats to the cartloads of blue clay are often small, but with the novels (*experto crede*) one can only compare the reviewers' task to the shifting of midden heaps. At best one only finds a certain amount of lost property.

I beg you will forgive this plea for special treatment of the minor poet. I myself in my time when irritated by these twitterings have tomahawked some of these garden warblers, and it is really the remembrance of their more or less innocent blood that compels me to write this letter as a sort of atonement for my misdeeds towards their inoffensive race in the past.

C. B.

P.S.—You complain, sir, of the lack of new poetry. Surely the present year, as far as poetry is concerned, might be described as 1907 "A.D."

RICHARD JEFFERIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have undertaken to write a book about the life and work of Richard Jefferies. Will you allow me the advantage of appealing to your readers for the loan of any letters or other papers which might be of use in this work? They should be sent to this address and would be returned to their owners without delay.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Berryfield Cottage,
Ashford, Petersfield.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EDUCATIONAL

- Shakespeare's Macbeth*. Erklärt von H. Conrad. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, n.p.
Five Thousand Arithmetical Examples and Exercises, with Answers. By R. W. K. Edwards. Arnold, 3s. 6d.

FICTION

- Scott, C. A. Dawson. *The Story of Anna Beames*. Heinemann, 6s.
Thompson, Annie. *The Narrow Margin*. Sisleys, 6s.
Grimshaw, Beatrice. *Vaiti of the Islands*. Nash, 6s.
Wyndham, Horace. *Reginald Auberon*. Nash, 6s.
Le Queux, William. *The Count's Chauffeur*. Nash, 6s.
Crockett, S. R. *Me and Myn*. Unwin, 6s.
Her Brother's Letters. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.
Copping, A. E. *Gotty and the Guv'nor*. Grant Richards, 6s.
Capes, Bernard. *The Great Skene Mystery*. Methuen, 6s.

HISTORY

- England and America, 1763 to 1783*. The History of a Re-action, By Mary A. M. Marks. In two volumes. Brown, Langham, 30s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Abbott, G. F. *Israel in Europe*. Macmillan, 10s. net.
Patents and Designs: Mr. Lloyd-George's Bill as Amended. Critical Notes by Ernest Lunge and Bernhard Dukes. Stevens, 1s.
Studies in Eastern History: Chronicles concerning Early Babylonian Kings. Volumes i. and ii. Luzac, 8s. 6d. net each.
Fyfe, Herbert C. *Submarine Warfare*. Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net.
Pranks in Provence. Being an up-to-date description of a Tour in Southern France. Edited by Percy Wadham. Brown, Langham, 5s.
Canning, the Hon. A. S. G. *British Writers on Classical Lands*. Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.
Astley, the Rev. H. J. Dukinfield. *Bury St. Edmunds*. Notes and Impressions. Elliot Stock, 1s. 6d. net.
Corolla Sancti Eadmundi: The Garland of Saint Edmund, King and Martyr. Edited, with preface, by Lord Francis Hervey. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.
Petrie, W. M. Flinders. *Janus in Modern Life*. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.
Reynolds, R. S. *Sure Foundations*. Simpkin, Marshall, 6d. net.

POETRY

- Martial*. One hundred and twenty selected Epigrams metrically rendered in English by A. E. Street. Spottiswoode, 2s. 6d. net.
Bogle, Margaret Maclean. *Witcheries and other Verses*. Gardner, 1s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Leigh Hunt, *The Town*; Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*; *The Poems of George Herbert*; Richard Cobbold, *History of Margaret Catchpole*; Aristophanes in English Verse; *A New Spirit of the Age*. Oxford University Press, 1s. net each.
Hope, Anthony. *The King's Mirror*. Nelson, 7d.
Eliot, George. *Theophrastus Such*. Blackwood, 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- Gibson, Edgar C. S. *The Old Testament in the New*. Wells Gardner, 3s. 6d.

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